

AMATEUR ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT, by WILLIAM T. BULL.

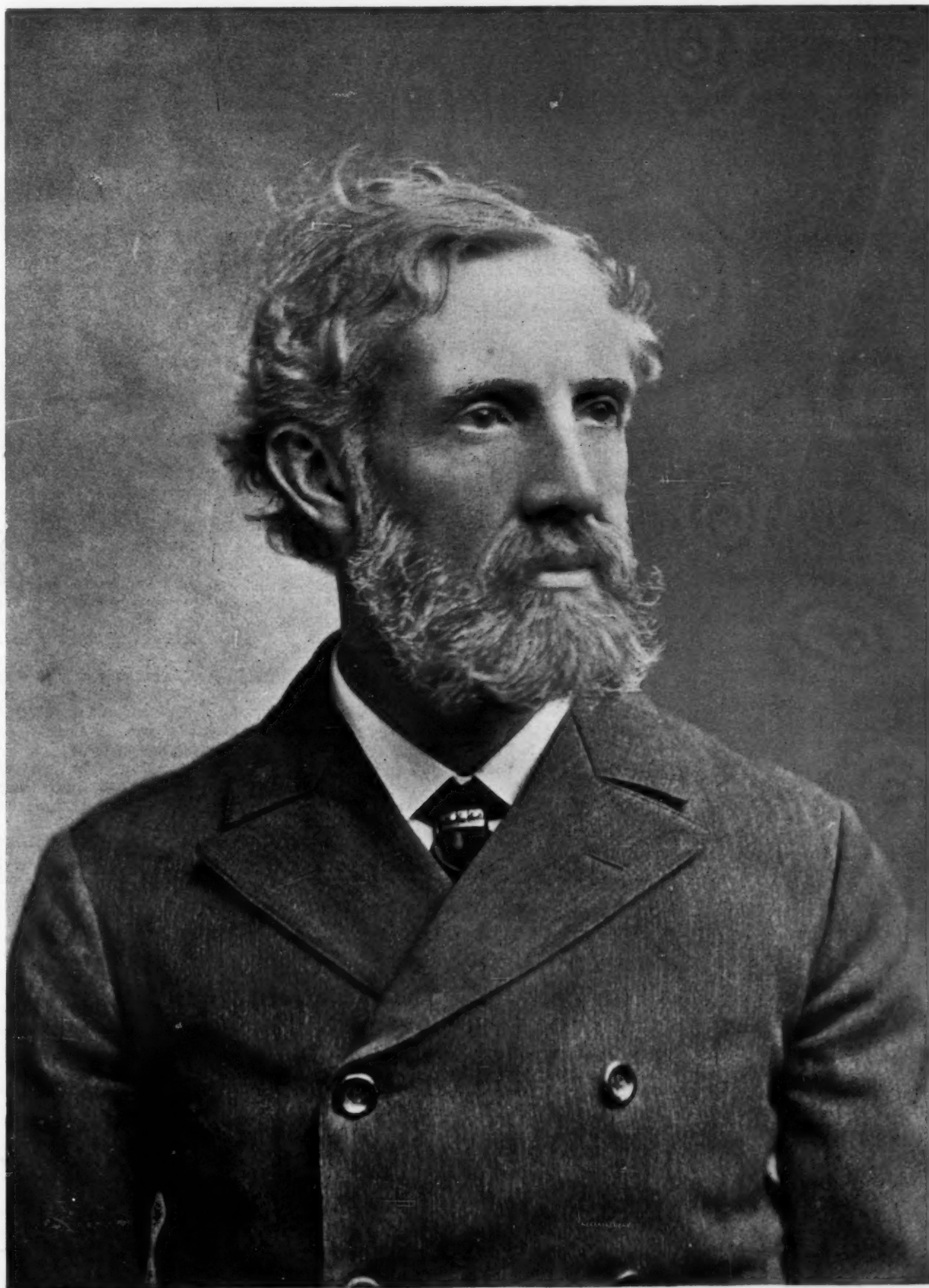
# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



VOL. LXXX.—No. 208.  
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1895.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.  
Entered as second-class matter at the New York post-office.



JOHN W. GOFF, RECORDER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCE.—[SEE PAGE 39.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
110, 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

JANUARY 17, 1895.

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UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

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## Police Reform Must Be Thorough.

HE police department of this city is rotten to the core. That is a fact which no one cares to dispute. Being corrupt and the ally of all the vicious forces in our civic life, the reform of the system becomes a matter of immediate and overmastering concern. And that reform must be thorough and complete. The case does not admit of half-way measures. Something stronger than poultries, something more effective than legislative patchwork, is needed. The department must be re-created.

The whole system must be swept away—men, methods, everything—and a new one organized on a basis of real worth and efficiency. Such a reorganization need not and would not militate against the men who have proved themselves capable and honest, and there are many such; these would easily find preference in any civil-service examination which might be instituted.

There is an evident purpose on the part of some of those who have been connected with the recent investigation to stop short of this radical policy of reconstruction. They talk about "availing themselves of the knowledge and experience of Superintendent Byrnes" and reforming the department along lines of his suggestion. Some even advocate his retention in the superintendency. That would be reform with a vengeance! Superintendent Byrnes is a part of the obnoxious and convicted system. He has been cognizant of its defects and abuses; he has known all along that it was used as a cover for crime and as a means of pillage and oppression; and he has acquiesced for years in its prostitution to the basest and most infamous uses. We do not affirm or believe that he has soiled his hands with bribes or been in any way personally corrupt. But, occupying a position of vast responsibility, and holding a relation to the public order and the public morals more intimate and important than is held by any State or city official, he has failed utterly in his duty to those whose interests he was under obligation to defend, and that, viewed in its broader relation, is a crime which exceeds in gravity the worst act of any of his subordinates. There could be no more humiliating spectacle than would be afforded by the elevation of this discredited man to the headship of a reformed police, and this great metropolis submitting to his guidance in the work of creating a department measuring up to the highest ideals.

The politicians who are seeking to take this whole matter out of the hands of the people may as well understand at once that they will not be permitted to compromise away, by any such process as this, the advantages already secured in the direction of municipal reform. They may obstruct and delay, but they cannot prevent the final triumph of the most majestic popular movement of modern times. Their denunciations of Dr. Parkhurst and his immediate associates as "demanding impossibilities," and as governed by personally vindictive motives, find no response among right-minded citizens. The sincerity of Dr. Parkhurst's motives, his fidelity to the public interests, his sagacity and integrity as a leader, have been too clearly demonstrated to be effectually assailed by men who are incapable of appreciating either integrity of purpose or the force of moral convictions in an individual life. What he has done will be remembered gratefully when some of those who were impelled by the contagion of his example to co-operate in the work he initiated, and who now seem prepared to barter away the gains of the struggle, have passed into deserved oblivion. Differences of opinion will inevitably arise as to the method by which these gains can be most certainly preserved, but in the purpose to maintain what has been acquired there is, and will be, no division among the substantial people of this metropolis.

## The Flagler Extradition Case.

THE Governor of Florida has reached the right ground at last in his extradition case. The Legislature of Texas created a crime which could be committed, or participated in, by persons who had never been in the State. An indictment under this law was found against such persons, and the Governor sought to bring them into the State for trial. He made a requisition on the Governor of Florida for Mr. Flagler, who has a residence in that State, as a fugitive

from the justice of Texas. This is a familiar proceeding as to real fugitives from justice. It was well understood when our Federal government was formed that it would not do to permit criminals fleeing from one State, to find safe refuge and asylum in any of the others. In the words of Chief Justice Taney, some provision against this was "an obvious policy and necessity, to preserve harmony between States, and order and law within their respective borders." Therefore the Constitution required that "if any person guilty of, or charged with, treason, felony or other high misdemeanor, in any State, shall flee from justice, and be found in any other of the United States, he shall, upon demand of the Governor or executive power of the State from which he fled, be delivered up and removed to the State having jurisdiction of the offense."

This is the organic law under which the Governor of Texas demanded of the Governor of Florida the body of Mr. Flagler to be removed to the State "from which he fled." Whether such demand should be complied with in order to obey the constitutional requirement depends upon two things—again to use the language of the Supreme Court—"First, that the person demanded is substantially charged with a crime against the laws of the State from which he is alleged to have fled; and second, that the person demanded is a fugitive from the justice of the State the executive authority of which makes the demand. The first is a question of law, and is always open to judicial inquiry upon the face of the papers, on an application to discharge under a writ of habeas corpus; the second is a question of fact, which the Governor of the State upon whom the demand was made must decide, upon such evidence as he may deem satisfactory."

Thus the plain duty of Governor Mitchell was to find out whether Mr. Flagler had fled from Texas—a fugitive from its justice. If he had determined that he was, then a writ of habeas corpus would have brought to judicial inquiry the question whether the crime charged was in fact a felony or other high misdemeanor in the sense of the constitutional provision. It seems that Governor Mitchell could not be satisfied that Mr. Flagler, with whose presence and doings in Florida the whole State was familiar, was a fugitive criminal from Texas, and so receded from the demand for his surrender. It would seem to be a plain proposition that a man cannot flee from a State in which he has never been. As an Iowa judge remarked in a similar case, "It is difficult to see how one can flee who stands still. That there must be an actual fleeing is clearly recognized by the Constitution of the United States."

And this view was sustained in the Supreme Court of the United States ten years ago in the Reggel case, in which Mr. Justice Harlan said: "The appellant was entitled, under the act of Congress, to insist upon proof that he was within the demanding State at the time he is alleged to have committed the crime charged, and subsequently withdrew from her jurisdiction, so that he could not be reached by her criminal process." And he added that any other interpretation would lead to the conclusion that the mere requisition "would impose on the executive of the State where the accused is found the duty of surrendering him, although he may be satisfied from incontestable proof that the accused had, in fact, never been in the demanding State, and, therefore, could not be said to have fled from its justice."

It is obvious that a contrary view might lead to intolerable injustice, and to invasions of personal liberty that could never be submitted to.

Nice questions on this subject may possibly arise in cases like that of Dr. Graves, who was convicted of the murder of a person in Colorado by poison sent by him from the East, or in the case of killing a man in one State by a bullet fired from another, or a libel sent from one State and published in another; but the Governor of Florida was embarrassed by no such questions in the case of Mr. Flagler. Mr. Flagler was a resident of Florida, and howsoever his great corporation may have offended against the laws of Texas, he cannot be held to have been constructively there as a criminal, or to have fled from its justice.

## Street-cleaning in America.

In no American city are the streets even tolerably well cleaned. In every considerable European city the streets are kept beautifully clean. Why should there be this difference when on both sides of the sea the work of cleaning the streets is confided to men picked for the purpose? American men are not inferior to any men in the world in energy, in ingenuity, and in fertility of resource. Why is it that their street-cleaning work is so strikingly inferior? Simply because in Europe persons are appointed and employed to clean the streets because of their ability, and here such positions are usually given as political rewards to persons incapable of doing anything requiring skill or knowledge.

Now this method has obtained not only with reference to the street sweepers, but to those who command such armies of incapables. And this is true not merely of New York, but of every other city of any size in the whole of the United States. This method has resulted in a prevalence of filth in the American cities fatal to beauty and to comfort, and a constant menace to the public health. The people have come to believe that to have clean streets is impossible. But such a conclusion is nonsensical, and it is very likely that the reform administration in New York

will show other American municipalities that our cities can be cleaned quite as thoroughly as any in any part of the world. Mayor Strong's appointment of Colonel George E. Waring, a distinguished engineer, an expert in drainage and sanitation, and a recognized authority on scientific agriculture, as commissioner of street-cleaning is certainly a most hopeful sign. Colonel Waring has long been accustomed to great undertakings and to the command of men, and he is as different from those who have held the position in the past as one man could be from another. His honorable and distinguished past is an assurance of his capacity to deal with the problem that he now has to solve. His success—and about his success there can hardly be a doubt—will teach the people of other cities, such as Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, that clean streets are entirely possible, and then, maybe, they will insist upon having them. This selection of a trained man of scientific accomplishments to fill such a post is an interesting venture in city administration, and those who favor the adoption of business methods in municipal affairs will watch Colonel Waring as an American street-cleaner was never watched before.

## The Price of Horses.



SEVERAL causes that are quite apparent have combined to reduce the price of horses to the lowest figures ever known. The great demand for good, strong, serviceable horses for street-cars gets less every year on account of the introduction of the cable and the trolley in the great cities and the suburban districts. These horses

have been more extensively and more cheaply bred than ever before on the great ranches in the West, and the breeding farms in the East and in the Middle States have been, every season for ten years past, sending greater numbers of high-class horses to the market. But even beyond these causes the long season of business depression has affected the prices of horses of all classes.

Each autumn, when the horse show is over in New York, there is a great sale of prize winners and other animals that have been exhibited in the ring. It was the universal opinion of those who attended the late show at Madison Square Garden, that the horses exhibited were higher in class than those previously shown in the same place. Now very many of the best of these horses have been sold at auction. Notwithstanding their high class the prices obtained were lower than at any similar sale on record. A few years ago a serviceable and unpretentious horse with speed enough to be driven on the road or in the park would easily fetch, at any of our horse markets, three hundred dollars. At this sale such horses did not average more than one hundred and fifty dollars, and the average price of the show-ring horses of all classes, even though some of them brought as high as two thousand five hundred dollars, was not quite two hundred and forty dollars. And even when the trotters came to be sold the average was only about four hundred dollars, while the highest price paid was three thousand two hundred dollars, this being for a young mare with a record of a mile in 2.10.

This is certainly a great change from 1890, when the Rosemeade stock was sold in New York, and the average for eighty-eight head was a trifle over two thousand seven hundred dollars. At that sale no doubt the horses brought as much more than they were worth as they fell below their actual value in the recent sales. It is not likely, however, that trotters will ever bring again, as a general rule, the prices they commanded a few years ago. It may be that the inhibition of pool-selling and book-making in New York has decreased the value of fast-trotting stock, but it is more likely that the general practice by horsemen of scientific principles of breeding and training has had very much to do with it. A little while ago a horse that could trot in 2.20 was a most notable animal, and commanded a very fancy price. Now a horse with a speed of 2.10 brings only three thousand two hundred dollars. But this is not a matter which the general public need lament, for it means that the speed of the generality of horses has been very much improved. Besides, the great mass of our people have no very intimate interest in two-thousand-seven-hundred-dollar horses; but when really excellent roadsters can be had for about two hundred dollars, then the ownership of such an animal becomes possible to every ordinary well-to-do citizen. To be sure the breeders are not pleased. But if the breeders have paid unreasonable prices for their stallions and brood mares, they have also received in the past unreasonable prices for the progeny. Now, in a time of readjustment of values, they have no reason to complain. A good horse costs no more to keep than a poor one, and if there ever was profit in breeding common horses that brought two hundred dollars at four years old, there should still be profit in breeding horses of a better class to be sold at a similar price.

## Democratic Financiering.

It begins to look as if another bond issue will soon be necessary. The gold reserve is down to eighty million dollars, and should the average daily withdrawals of the



last fortnight be maintained, it will soon be reduced to sixty million dollars. That point reached, a new issue will be practically inevitable. Whether, in view of Secretary Carlisle's blunders in connection with the currency legislation, and the general loss of confidence in his financial sagacity, another loan could be negotiated as readily as those already floated, may well be doubted. Financial circles everywhere are coming to regard the fiscal policy of the government with real distrust, and it is not at all impossible that the treasury will find it necessary, in order to secure sufficient bids, to offer a higher rate of interest on any bonds it may hereafter issue.

But why should the government be compelled to borrow money at all? The deficiency in revenue could be easily met if the party in control in Congress chose to have it so. A tax of one dollar a barrel on beer would yield at least thirty-five millions of dollars a year. Why not impose it? The balance of the money needed could be secured just as readily by an abandonment of the tariff modifications which have reduced the customs receipts at the rate of fifty millions a year from the average derived under the McKinley law. But of course our Democratic statesmen will prefer anything, however costly or ruinous to the public credit, to a confession of failure and stupidity in their tariff legislation.

### Our Athletic Sport Department.



W. T. BULL.

THE department of LESLIE'S WEEKLY devoted to athletic sports will hereafter be in charge of Mr. W. T. Bull, the son of Henry Bull, Jr., and namesake of the famous New York surgeon. Mr. Bull is in every respect peculiarly qualified for the post he assumes. In his freshman year at Yale he played half-back on the foot-ball team of which Frank Peters, now deceased, was captain. He was also bow oar on the freshman crew and played left field on the freshman base-ball nine. In his junior year he played full-back on the foot-ball team and rowed in the class boat-race. In his senior year he was full-back on Beecher's crack eleven which won from Princeton 12 to 0, and later, at Thanksgiving, defeated Harvard by the score 17 to 8. During this year he showed great aptitude in drop kicking, and in the practice at the Yale field scored just as often as called upon, one day averaging eleven out of a dozen tries, the last goal being from the forty-eight-yard line. In the Harvard game, by kicking a field goal on the first and only chance offered, and two difficult place kicks for goal, he scored nine of the eighteen points—without which nine points the score would have been a tie, 8 to 8—thus practically winning the game single-handed. In the following year, returning to college as post-graduate in the academic department, he played full-back on "Pa" Corbin's eleven, and in the Princeton game at Thanksgiving repeated the feat of the Harvard game more decidedly by scoring for Yale the only ten points of the game by two drop kicks from the field. It is his peculiar distinction that during the four years' service in kicking he never had a drop kick blocked, and only one punt, and that was due to the fact that he was standing beside the touch-line at the time of the pass, and was forced to kick in his tracks, as the usual run to the left would have carried him out of bounds. Mr. Bull has written much on foot-ball and other sports for leading magazines and newspapers, and is widely known as an authority. We felicitate ourselves upon the fact that we have been able to secure his services as head of the department which is to be a leading feature of the WEEKLY.

## WHAT'S GOING ON

A PRACTICAL recognition of Japan's newly-found eminence among the Powers is the appointment of such a distinguished journalist as John Albert Cockerill to be resident correspondent in Tokio, by a great newspaper like the New York Herald, which sends its ambassadors about among the nations of the earth like any other institution of sovereignty. Colonel Cockerill will have a large salary and a becoming state, as well as the first opportunity at the cream of Eastern news about "the new force in civilization." His friends and admirers in New York will wish him all the good luck in the world, and will watch eagerly for his letters and cablegrams. Always supposing he shall find nothing to prevent his final acceptance of so honorable a post.

A UNIQUE and altogether beautiful feature of the Christmas observances in Chicago was the decoration of the graves of the dead by surviving relatives and friends. All the North Side cemeteries are said to have been thronged at certain hours of the day by women and children laden with floral offerings, which were strewn among the relics of the summer's memorials. Nearly all the visitors were of the wealthier class, and, so far as appears, the impulse which moved them to this observance was spontaneous—a fact

which makes it all the more remarkable. To some there may seem something of incongruity in the decoration of graves in bleak winter-time, but if there is a day in all the year when our dead should be remembered, joyfully, it is that which commemorates the birth of Him who lighted the darkness of the grave with the torch of immortal hope.

AMONG the papers read at the decennial meeting of the American Historical Society, recently held in Washington, was one by Mrs. Lee C. Harby on "The Tejas; their habits, government, and superstitions." The paper was deeply interesting, and the most valuable contribution ever made to the literature of the subject with which it dealt. The Tejas, it should be known, were the aborigines who inhabited all the northwestern territory extending from the borders of Mexico to the confines of Louisiana. There are no printed records of these people, and Mrs. Harby was compelled to gather her matter from old diaries, manuscripts, and letters of priests extending over a period long past, being careful to substantiate every statement made. There are so few women who write history, or who combine with that capacity the ability which Mrs. Harby possesses to construct a poem or a tale, that her friends may well regard this latest performance as confirming her title to a peculiar distinction.

THE arrival in this country of Mr. William Randal Cremer, a Radical member of the British Parliament, with a memorial signed by three hundred and fifty-four members of that body in favor of the proposed treaty of arbitration between England and the United States, is an incident of some importance. The declaration of the British Commons was made in response to the initiative of our own Congress directing the President to invite negotiations with any government with which we have differences, and seems to be in harmony also with the best British opinion. While it seems improbable that any controversies will ever arise between this country and Great Britain which cannot be adjusted without a resort to violence, there can be no doubt that such a treaty as has been proposed would prove of immense value as an object-lesson to the world at large, and it is in that aspect of the case that its adoption becomes supremely desirable. The two great English-speaking peoples could not render a greater service to mankind than to demonstrate the practicability of settling all disputes by peaceful arbitration.

CONGRESSMAN BRECKINRIDGE is paying the penalty of his crimes against divine and human law. He has been able to appeal from the verdict of a jury of his peers, but he cannot escape the vengeance of outraged public opinion. With an audacity and effrontery of which only a man whose moral sense is hopelessly debauched is capable, he has sought to fill his purse by exhibiting himself on lecture-platforms throughout the country, believing, no doubt, that popular curiosity would be attracted to one whose vices have been so notorious. The result of his experiment shows that his estimate of the public temper is as faulty as his conception of the family relation is low and depraved. In every place where he has appeared he has encountered unmistakable proof of popular aversion and contempt; even in the largest cities his audiences have been so small as to provoke derision. At St. Louis, for instance, the receipts were not sufficient to pay the expenses of the hall, and at other points the results were even more unfavorable. It is a particularly gratifying fact in connection with this attempt of the discredited Congressman to rehabilitate himself in the public confidence that the women of all the communities he has visited have "cut him dead." Those persons who prate about the decadence of public virtue and social purity may find in this experience of the Kentucky Representative grounds for reassurance and hope.

### Men and Things.

A VERY much talked-about publication at present is the *Chap-Book*, a semi-monthly issued by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, the enterprising young Chicago publishers, who have astonished us during the last year or eighteen months with the excellence and novelty of their book-lists. This magazine—for a magazine it is in miniature—is their latest exploit, and it serves admirably the purpose of its progenitors, if that purpose be advertisement of the firm of Stone & Kimball. Every one is talking about it, and the absurd are making a fad of its collection, with the result that canny book-dealers are asking ridiculous prices for the first volume of twenty-four numbers, the original cost of which was five cents a number. It is well worth preservation, though, not only as a charming example of typography, but for its contents, which are always interesting, and sometimes of value.

I have often wondered why some one of our weeklies did not devote part of its columns to the exposure of shams and frauds. Not spasmodically or with intermittent vigor, but with methodical and relentless effort. There is surely enough imposture on all sides of us to warrant enterprise of this sort, and I am not surprised to hear authoritatively that *Life* contemplates establishing such a department under the charge of a man whose satiric little book on the literary foibles of the town I have mentioned lately in this column. The crusade—or whatever one may wish to call it—is obviously one for a weekly to take up. The humor

of the situation would be almost Gilbertian if one of our great dailies were to undertake it.

If the sighs of relief which issued from members of the "finest" at the conclusion of the Lexow committee's investigation could have been combined and let loose in one long breath, Manhattan Island would have been struck as if by a cyclone. This feeling of relief was not confined to members of the police force; the rottenness of the system was communicated to anything and everything that came in contact with it, and many New-Yorkers were more than sorry that Mr. Goff didn't have a better opportunity to get at Anthony Comstock, who for many years has been somewhat notoriously conspicuous in this community.

New York is to be in at the death of "Trilby." It is time the poor creature was dead, for the reaction has set in, and it is the smart thing now to scoff and deride her. So Mr. A. M. Palmer has stepped to the front, the mortuary ceremonies are being arranged under his direction, and the funeral will in probability take place at his theatre on Broadway. In other words, the second Mr. Paul Potter has been commissioned to dramatize "Trilby." Poor "Trilby"! It seems very like murder.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

### People Talked About.

—THE proceedings of the Lexow committee have thus far developed three new words, formed after the manner of boycott and burke—"to Parkhurst," "to Goff," and "to Schmittberger." They are hardly popular coinages, and seem destined to be ephemeral. What really bids fair to survive, etymologically speaking, from these investigations is some of the slang used by the witnesses. Pantata is already as firmly fixed in the popular vocabulary as boss, and to "throw a scare into a man," in the sense of to intimidate, has passed current ever since the green-goods witness Appo used it in court. In regard to words, it is worth noting that after half a century of defiant independence the Boston *Traveler* has dropped the superfluous I from its name.

—The late E. A. Beadle, famous as the originator of the "dime novel," was the object of much undeserved obloquy. The inexpensive literature that he produced so abundantly was entirely worth its price, but the public judgment deemed it disreputable. Far from being devoid of style, it appealed to boys, who, now that they are men, are glad to exculpate Mr. Beadle from the verdict of their parents. For thirty years, from 1859 to 1889, a school of prolific writers poured manuscript into Mr. Beadle's printing-house, but the fame of only one of them, Ned Buntline, now survives.

—The *Prix de Rome*, once the object of the ambition of every art student in Paris, has declined so much in value that it is proposed to abolish it. It carries with it a traveling scholarship in Italy, and the plea of those who attack it is that a student possessing it wastes his talent in slavish imitation of the Italian masters rather than developing it by the interpretation of nature. The sculptor, Rodin, the leader of the antagonists, maintains that this prize has only retarded the progress of the great men who have obtained it in the past.

—Senator "Don" Cameron has a new chum. For many years Senator Butler has been his inseparable companion; but now that South Carolina has notified that gentleman to quit, the Pennsylvanian has fixed his affections on Senator Brice, and the two are as intimate as they can be. The Cameronian friendship for Senator Butler grew out of old-time political relations between the fathers of the two men; where the new intimacy has its inspiration the newspapers do not tell us.

—Though this may be the young man's era, the lingering veterans show no disposition to quit the stage. The new Canadian premier is seventy-one, the new German chancellor ten years older, and the new Governor of New York is past seventy. In the Senate it is the very old men who seem to be most vigorous intellectually—Palmer, Harris, Morrill, and Sherman, one of them an octogenarian, are admirable examples of a robust and active old age.

—The thousandth performance of "Faust" in Paris recently was a gala event that was not more a tribute to Gounod than to Ambroise Thomas, who had composed an "apotheosis" to be sung after the opera's finale. It was Gounod's cherished desire to witness the event, but he has been dead more than a year, while Thomas, whose "Mignon" had its thousandth representation last spring, is vigorous at eighty-three.

—The late sculptor Grandi, who died recently in Milan, was no courtier. While he was at work on his masterpiece, the monument celebrating the battle in which Milan shook off the Austrian yoke, the Empress of Austria drove up to the door of his studio and asked to see even one figure of his incomplete monument. "Tell the Empress," said Grandi, in reply, "that I have too much to do to spend my time entertaining ladies." Grandi died too soon by a few weeks to see the unveiling of his great work.

—It is said that ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster is to receive a fee of one hundred thousand dollars for acting as adviser to the Chinese peace plenipotentiaries at Tokio. The figure seems large, but the Chinese are in sore straits, and sound counsel, such as this trained diplomat can give them, will have a value which money cannot measure.



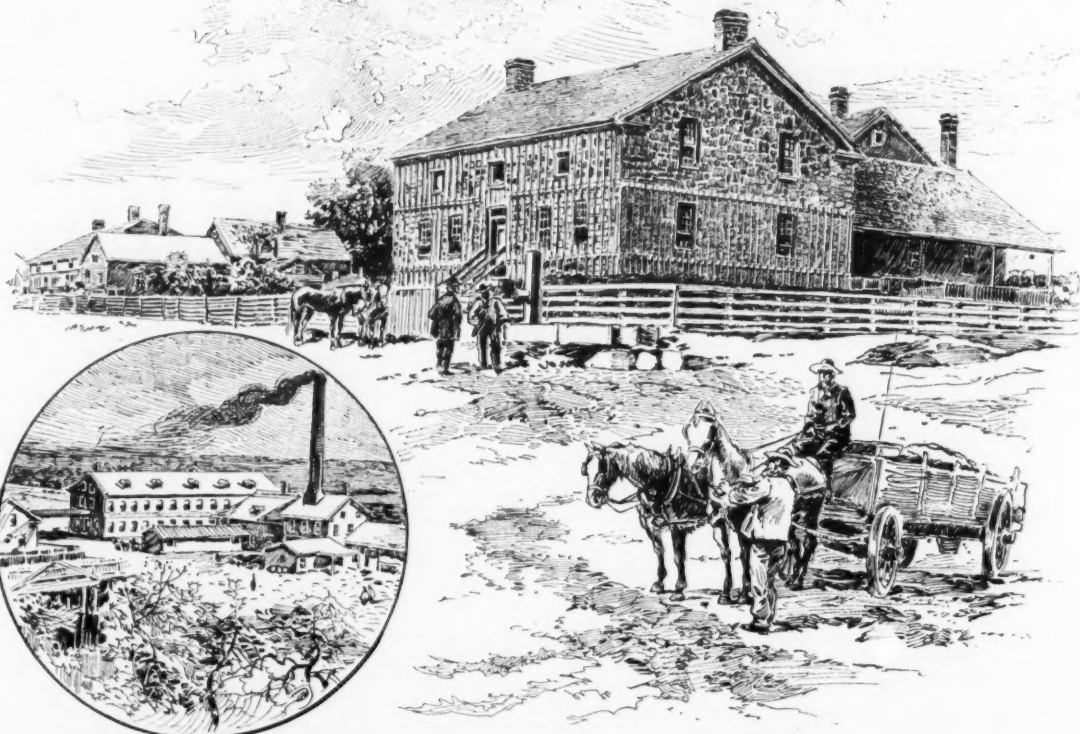
## An Experiment in Practical Communism.

PERHAPS the most successful of all those experimental societies which have at different times and places in the country sought a solution for religious and economic problems by a communal life, is that of the "True Inspirationists" of Iowa. If an adherence to early tenets, together with the achievement of material success, is the criterion by which we shall judge them, then the great colony in Iowa County, Iowa, is to be accounted a success. For in all the years of its existence it has departed in no way from the renunciation practiced by its founders, while it has in a phenomenal degree increased in wealth and ability to cope with the problems of its expanding usefulness. The very existence of the colony is an anachronism in the light of an ambitious civilization, for in this age of crowding conquest and swift reward to personal effort we can scarcely comprehend the mental lethargy or inertness of men who voluntarily put aside ambition and merge their lives into a common existence.

The Iowa Inspirationists number about eighteen hundred people, and they occupy a tract of land embracing twenty-five thousand acres, covering one entire township, which is named Amana, and extending into adjacent townships. Eight villages dot this great farm, and in some of these hamlets important industrial establishments, operated by the society, are located. Here dwell a people who know no poverty, who, if they indulge in few luxuries, have no ultimate penury to fear—a people who adhere to the laws of God and man with scrupulous exactness, who are at peace with all their neighbors, whose word is as good as the bond of other men, who exemplify in dress and worship the simplicity of their thought, who are, in brief, frugal, kindly, considerate, and just.

The Inspirationists trace their history to E. L. Gruber, a devout and conscientious religionist who was born in Würtemberg, Germany, in 1664. Through the active propaganda carried on by him, and later by the vigorous assistance of John F. Rock, a contemporary, who was born in the same place thirteen years later, the society was formally established at Hessen, Germany, about 1714. Gruber died in 1728, but his teachings were not to die with him. Many converts had been made before that time, and Rock, who was himself an active propagandist, continued to aggressively spread the principles of true inspiration. The communistic feature of the creed was not considered in the early development of the idea—indeed, was undreamed of by its founders, and was not added until the sect planted itself in America. It was then adopted rather because the exigencies of life in a new country and under new conditions appeared to the leaders to make such a step necessary to secure and insure the perpetuity of the order. Between the death of John Rock, which took place in 1749, and the rise of Christian Metz, who was to become the Luther of

(Continued on page 39.)



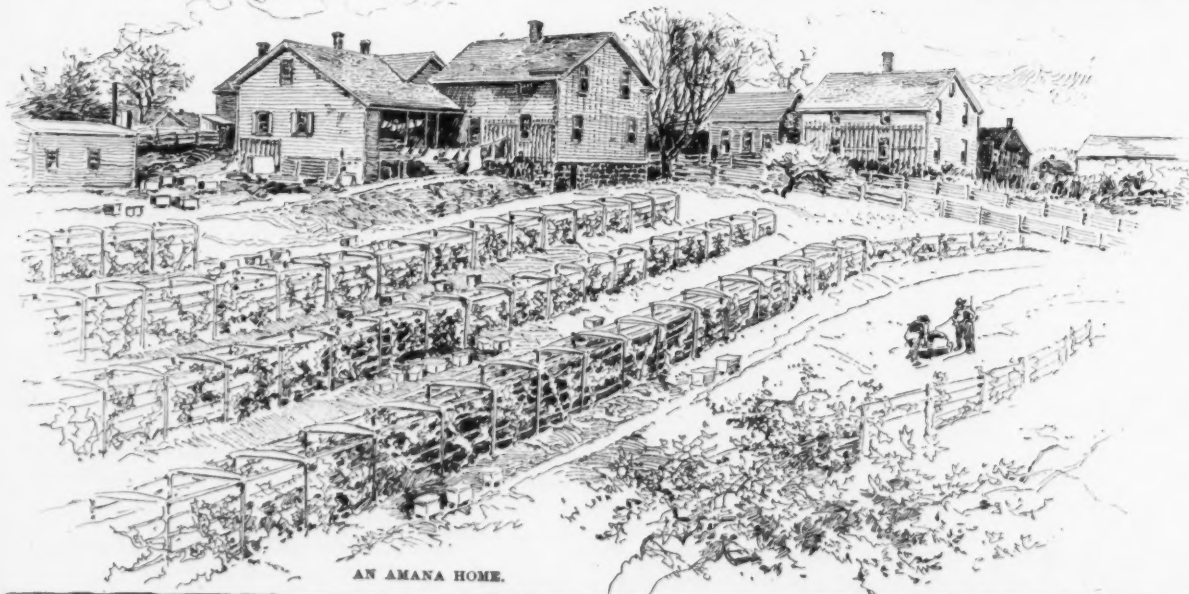
AN AMANA HOTEL.



WOOLEN MILL, MIDDLE AMANA.



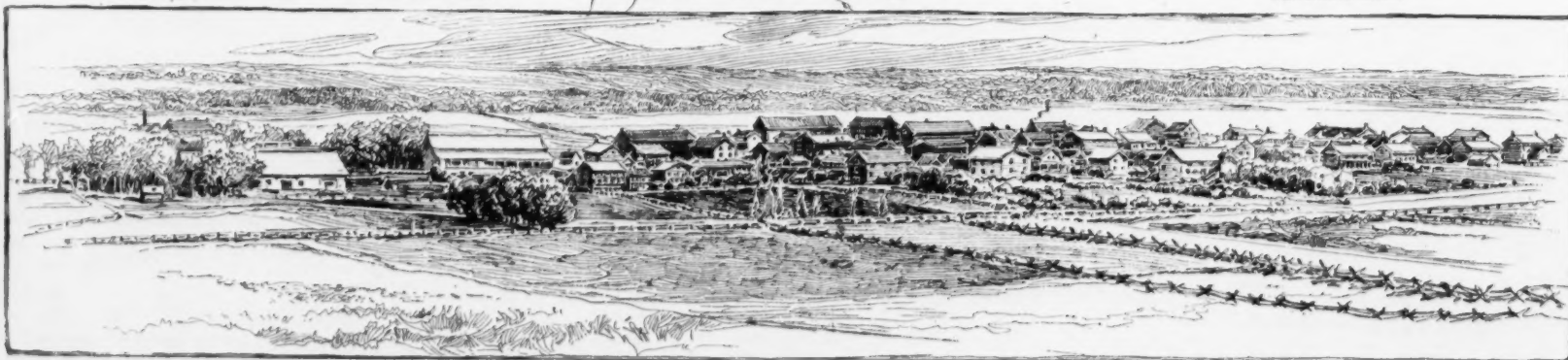
STREET SCENE IN AMANA.



AN AMANA HOME.



FLOURING-MILL.



SOUTH AMANA.

GLIMPSES OF THE AMANA COLONY OF "TRUE INSPIRATIONISTS" IN IOWA—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.





"I felt a timid touch upon my sleeve."

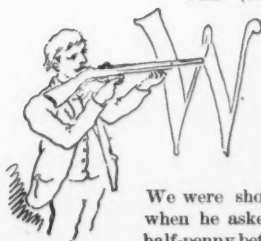
## THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.\*

As written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-84.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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### VII.—(Continued).



He had an incident that evening which was so characteristic that I must tell you of it. Cullingworth has an air-gun which fires little steel darts. With this he makes excellent practice at about twenty feet, the length of the back room.

We were shooting at a mark after dinner, when he asked me whether I would hold a half-penny between my finger and thumb, and allow him to shoot it out. A half-penny not being forthcoming, he took a bronze medal out of his waistcoat pocket and I held that up as a mark. "Kling!" went the gun, and the medal rolled upon the floor.

"Plumb in the centre," said he.

"On the contrary," I answered, "you never hit it at all."

"Never hit it? I must have hit it!"

\* Commenced in the issue of December 13th.

"I am confident you didn't."

"Where's the dart, then?"

"Here," said I, holding up a bleeding fore-finger, from which the tail-end of the fluff of the dart was protruding.

I never saw a man so abjectly sorry for anything in my life. He used language of self-reproach which would have been extravagant if he had shot off one of my limbs. Our positions were absurdly reversed, and it was he who sat collapsed in a chair, while it was I, with the dart still in my finger, who leaned over him and laughed the matter off. Mrs. Cullingworth had run for hot water, and presently with a tweezer we got the intruder out. There was very little pain (more to-day than yesterday), but if ever you are called upon to identify my body you may look for a star at the end of my right fore-finger.

When the surgery was completed (Cullingworth writhing and groaning all the time) my eyes happened to catch the medal which I had dropped, lying upon the carpet. I lifted it up and looked at it, eager to find some topic which would be more agreeable. Printed upon it was: "Presented to James Cullingworth for gallantry in saving life. January, 1879."

"Hullo, Cullingworth!" said I. "You never told me about this."

He was off in an instant in the most extravagant style.

"What, the medal? Haven't you got one? I thought every one had. You prefer to be select, I suppose. It was a little boy. You've no idea the trouble I had to get him in."

"Get him out, you mean?"

"My dear chap, you don't understand. Any one could get a child out. It's getting one in that's the bother. One deserves a medal for it. Then there are the witnesses, four shillings a day I had to pay them, and a quart of beer in the evenings. You see you can't pick up a child and carry it to the edge of a pier and throw it in. You'd have all sorts of complications with the parents. You must be patient, and wait until you get a legitimate chance. I caught a quinsy walking up and down Avonmouth pier before I saw my opportunity. He was a rather solid, fat boy, and he was sitting on the very edge-fishing. I got the sole of my foot on to the small of his back and shot him an incredible distance. I had some little difficulty in getting him out, for his fishing-line got twice round my



legs, but it all ended well, and the witnesses were as staunch as possible. The boy came up to thank me next day, and said that he was quite uninjured except for a bruise on the back. His parents always send me a brace of fowls every Christmas."

I was sitting with my finger in the hot water listening to his rigmarole. When he had finished he ran off to get his tobacco-box, and we could hear the bellowing of his laughter dwindling up the stair. I was still looking at the medal, which, from the dints all over it, had evidently been often used as a target, when I felt a timid touch upon my sleeve. It was Mrs. Cullingworth, who was looking earnestly at me with a very depressed expression upon her face.

"You believe far too much of what James says," said she. "You don't know him in the least, Mr. Munro. You don't look at a thing from his point of view, and you will never understand him until you do. It is not of course that he means to say anything that is untrue, but his fancy is excited, and he is quite carried away by the humor of any idea, whether it tells against himself or not. It hurts me, Mr. Munro, to see the only man in the world toward whom he has any feeling of friendship misunderstanding him so completely, for very often when you say nothing your face shows very clearly what you think."

I could only answer lamely that I was very sorry if I had misjudged her husband in any way, and that no one had a keener appreciation of some of his qualities than I had.

"I saw how gravely you looked when he told that absurd story about pushing a little boy into the water," she continued, and as she spoke she drew from somewhere in the front of her dress a much-creased slip of paper. "Just glance at that, please, Dr. Munro."

It was a newspaper-cutting which gave the true account of the incident. Suffice it, that it was an ice accident, and that Cullingworth had really behaved in a heroic way, and had been drawn out himself insensible with the child so clasped in his arms that it was not until he had recovered his senses that they were able to separate them. I had hardly finished reading it when we heard his step on the stairs, and she, thrusting the paper back into her bosom, became in an instant the same silently watchful woman as ever.

Is he not a conundrum? If he interests you at a distance (and I take for granted that what you say in your letters is not merely conventional compliment), you can think how piquant he is in actual life. I must confess, however, that I can never shake off the feeling that I am living with some capricious creature who frequently growls and may possibly bite. Well, it won't be very long before I write again, and by that time I shall probably know whether I am likely to find any permanent billet here or not. I am so sorry to hear about Mrs. Swanborough's indisposition. You know that I take the deepest interest in everything that affects you. They tell me here I am looking very fit, though I think they ought to spell it with an a.

### VIII.

#### 1, THE PARADE, BRADFELD, April 6th, 1882.

I AM writing this, my dear Bertie, at a little table which has been fitted up in the window of my bedroom. Every one in the house is asleep except myself, and all the noise of the city is hushed. Yet my own brain is singularly active, and I feel that I am better employed in sitting up and writing to you than in tossing about upon my bed. I am often accused of being sleepy in the daytime, but every now and then Nature gets level by making me abnormally wakeful at night.

Are you conscious of the restful influence which the stars exert? To me they are the most soothing things in Nature. I am proud to say that I don't know the name of one of them. The glamour and romance would pass away from them if they were all classified and ticketed in one's brain. But when a man is hot and flurried, and full of his own little ruffled dignities and infinitesimal misfortunes, then a star bath is the finest thing in the world. They tell me that the planetary spaces are full of the debris of shattered asteroids; so, perhaps, even among them there are such things as disease and death. Yet just the look of them must remind a man of what a bacillus of a thing he is, the whole human race like some sprinkling of impalpable powder upon the surface of one of the most insignificant fly-wheels of a monstrous machine. But there's order in it, Bertie, there's order. And where there is order there must be mind, and where there is mind there must be sense of justice. I don't allow that there can be any doubt as to the existence of that central mind, nor as to the possession by it of certain attributes. The stars help me to realize these. They are to me what the old woman's Bible is to her.

But in all soberness I really do think, Bertie, that very much which seems to be the saddest in life might be very different if we could focus

it properly. I tried to give you my views about this in the case of drink and immorality. But physically I fancy that it applies more obviously than it does morally. All the physical evils of life seem to culminate in death, and yet death, as I have seen it, has not been a painful or terrible process. In many cases a man dies without having incurred nearly as much pain during the whole of his fatal illness as would have arisen from a whitlow or an abscess of the jaw. And it is often those deaths which seem most terrible to the onlooker which are least so to the sufferer. When a man is overtaken by an express and shivered into fragments, or when he drops from a fourth-floor window and is smashed into a bag of splinters, the unfortunate spectators are convulsed with horror and find a text for pessimistic views about the Providence which allows such things to be. And yet it is very doubtful whether the deceased, could his tongue be loosened, would remember anything at all about the matter. We know, as students of medicine, that though pain is usually associated with cancers and with abdominal complaints, still in the various fevers, in apoplexy, in blood-poisonings, in lung diseases, and, in short, in the greater proportion of serious maladies, there is little suffering.

I remember how struck I was when first I saw the actual cautery applied in a case of spinal disease. The white-hot iron was pressed firmly into the patient's back, without the use of any anæsthetic, and, what with the sight, and the nauseating smell of burned flesh, I felt faint and ill. Yet, to my astonishment, the patient never flinched or moved a muscle of his face, and, on my inquiring afterward, he assured me that the proceeding was absolutely painless, a remark which was corroborated by the surgeon. "The nerves are so completely and instantaneously destroyed," he explained, "that they have no time to convey a painful impression." But then if this be so, what becomes of all the martyrs at the stake, and the victims of red Indians, and other poor folk over whose sufferings and constancy we have wondered? It may be that Providence is not only not cruel itself, but will not allow man to be cruel either. Do your worst and it will step in with a "No, I won't allow this poor child of mine to be hurt," and then comes the dulling of the nerve and the lethargy, which takes the victim out of the reach of the tormentor. David Livingstone, under the claws of the lion, must have looked like an object-lesson of the evil side of things, and yet he has left it upon record that his own sensations were pleasurable rather than otherwise. I am well convinced that if the newly-born infant and the man who had just died could compare their experiences, the former would have proved to be the sufferer. It is not for nothing that the first thing the new-comer into this planet does is to open its toothless mouth and protest energetically against fate.

Cullingworth has written a parable which makes a paragraph for our wonderful new weekly paper.

"The little cheese-mites held debate," he says, "as to who made the cheese. Some thought that they had no data to go upon, and some that it had come together by a solidification of vapor, or by the centrifugal attraction of atoms. A few surmised that the platter might have something to do with it, but the wisest of them could not deduce the existence of a cow."

We are at one, he and I, in thinking that the infinite is beyond our perception. We differ only in that he sees evil and I see good, in the working of the universe. Ah, what a mystery it all is! Let us be honest and humble, and think kindly of each other. There's a line of stars all winking at me over the opposite roof—winking slyly at the silly little person with the pen and paper who is so earnest about what he can never understand.

Well, now, I'll come back to something practical. It is nearly a month since I wrote to you last. The date is impressed upon my memory because it was the day after Cullingworth shot the air-dart into my finger. The place festered, and prevented my writing to any one for a week or two, but it is all right again now. I have ever-so-much of different sorts to tell you, but really when I come to think of it, it does not amount to very much after all.

First of all, about the practice. I told you that I was to have a room immediately opposite Cullingworth's, and that all the surgical cases were to be turned over to me. For a few days I had nothing to do except to listen to him romping and scuffling with his patients, or making speeches to them from the top of the stairs. However, a great "Dr. Stark Munro, Surgeon," had been affixed to the side of the door down-stairs, opposite Cullingworth's plate, and a proud man was I when first my eyes lit upon it. On the fourth day, however, in came a case. He little knew that he was the first that I had ever had all to myself in my life. Perhaps he would not have looked quite so cheerful if he did.

Poor chap! he had little enough to be cheery over, either. He was an old soldier who had lost a good many teeth, but who had continued to find room between his nose and chin for a short, black clay pipe. Lately there appeared a small sore on his nose which has spread and become crusted. On feeling it, I found it as hard as a streak of glue, with constant darting pains passing through it. Of course there could be no question as to diagnosis. It was epitheliomatous cancer, caused by the irritation of the hot tobacco smoke. I sent him back to his village, and two days after I drove over in Cullingworth's dog-cart and removed the growth. I only got a sovereign for it. But it may be a nucleus for cases. The old fellow did most admirably, and he has just been in (with a most aristocratic curl to his nostrils) to tell me that he has bought a box full of churchwardens. It was my first operation, and I dare say I was more nervous about it than my patient, but the result has given me confidence. I have fully made up my mind to let nothing pass me. Come what may, from an iridectomy to an ovariectomy, I am prepared to do it. Why should a man wait? Of course I know that many men do, but surely one's nerve is more likely to be strong and one's knowledge fresh now than in twenty years.

Well, cases came dribbling in from day to day—all very poor people and able to pay very poor fees—but still very welcome to me. The first week I took (including that operation fee) one pound seventeen-and-sixpence. The second I got two pounds exactly. The third I had two pounds five, and now I find that this last week has brought in two pounds eighteen, so I am moving in the right direction. Of course it compares absurdly enough with Cullingworth's twenty pounds a day, and my little quiet back-water seems a strange contrast to the noisy stream which pours forever through his room. Still, I am quite satisfied, and I have no doubt at all that his original estimate of three hundred pounds for the first year will be amply justified. It would be a glorious thing to think that if anything were really to happen at home I should be able to be of some use to them. If things go on as they have begun I shall soon have my foot firmly planted.

I was compelled, by the way, to forego an opening which, a few months ago, would have been the very summit of my ambition. You must know—possibly I told you—that immediately after I passed, I put my name down as a candidate for a surgeonship on the books of several of the big steamship lines. It was done as a forlorn hope, for a man has usually to wait several years before his turn comes round. Well, just a week after I started here, I got a telegram one night from Liverpool. "Join the *Decia* to-morrow, as surgeon, not later than eight in the evening." It was from Staunton & Merivale, the famous South American firm, and the *Decia* is a fine 6,000-ton passenger boat, doing the round journey by Bahia and Buenos Ayres to Rio and Valparaiso. I had a bad quarter of an hour, I can tell you. I don't think I was ever so undecided about anything in my life. Cullingworth was dead against my going, and his influence carried the day.

"My dear chap," said he, "you'd knock down the chief mate, and he'd spread you out with a handspike. You'd get tied by your thumbs to the rigging. You'd be fed on stinking water and putrid biscuits. I've been reading a novel about the merchant service, and I know."

When I laughed at his ideas of modern seagoing he tried another line.

"You're a bigger fool than I take you for if you go," said he. "Why, what can it lead to? All the money you earn goes to buy a blue coat and daub it with lace. You think you're bound for Valparaiso and you find yourself at the poor-house. You've got a rare opening here, and everything ready at your hand. You'll never get such another again."

And so it ended by my letting them have a wire to say that I could not come. It is strange when you come to a point where the road of your life obviously divides and you take one turning or the other, after vainly trying to be sure about the finger-post. I think, after all, I chose rightly. A ship's surgeon must remain a ship's surgeon, while here there is no horizon to my possibilities.

As to old Cullingworth, he is booming along as merrily as ever. You say in your last that what you cannot understand is how he got his hold of the public in so short a time. That is just the point which I have found it hard to get light upon. He told me that after his first coming he had not a patient for a month, and that he was so disheartened that he very nearly made a moonlight exodus. At last, however, a few cases came his way, and he made such extraordinary cures of them, or else impressed them so by his eccentricity, that they would do nothing but talk of him. Some of his wonderful results got into the local press, though after my Avonmouth experience I should not like to guarantee that he did not himself convey them there. He showed me an almanac which has a

great circulation in the district. It had an entry sandwiched in in this way:

August 15th. Reform bill passed, 1867.  
August 16th. Birth of Julius Caesar.  
August 17th. Extraordinary cure by Dr. Cullingworth of a case of dropsy in Bradfield, 1881.  
August 18th. Battle of Gravelotte, 1870.

It read as if it were one of the landmarks of the latter half of the century. I asked him how on earth it got there, but I could only learn that the woman was fifty-six inches round the waist, and that he had treated her with elaterium and croton oil.

That leads me to another point. You ask me whether his cures are really remarkable, and if so, what his system is. I answer, unhesitatingly, that his cures are very remarkable indeed, and that I look upon him as a sort of Napoleon of medicine. His view is that the pharmacopœia doses are, in nearly every instance, much too low. Excessive timidity has cut down the dose until it has ceased to produce a real effect upon the disease. Medical men, according to his view, have been afraid of producing a poisonous effect with their drugs. With him, on the contrary, the whole art of medicine lies in judicious poisoning, and when the case is serious his remedies are heroic. Where, in epilepsy, I should have given thirty-grain doses of bromide or chloral every four hours, he would give two drachms every three. No doubt it will seem to you a very kill-or-cure method, and I am myself afraid that a succession of coroners' inquests may check Cullingworth's career, but hitherto he has had no public scandal, while the cases which he has brought back to life have been numerous. He is the most fearless fellow. I have seen him pour opium into a dysenteric patient until my hair bristled. But either his knowledge or his luck always brings him out right.

Then there are other cures which depend, I think, upon his own personal magnetism. He is so robust and loud-voiced and hearty that a weak, nervous patient goes away from him recharged with vitality. He is so perfectly confident that he can cure them that he makes them perfectly confident that they can be cured, and you know how in nervous cases the mind reacts upon the body. If he chose to preserve crutches and sticks, as they do in the Mediaeval churches, he might, I am sure, paper his consulting-room with them. A favorite device of his with an impressionable patient is to name the exact hour of their cure. "My dear," he will say, swaying some girl about by the shoulders, with his nose about three inches from hers, "you'll feel better to-morrow at quarter to ten, and at twenty past you'll be as well as ever you were in your life. Now keep your eye on the clock and see if I am not right." Next day, as likely as not, her mother will be in, weeping tears of joy, and another miracle has been added to Cullingworth's record. It may smell of quackery, but it is exceedingly useful to the patient.

Still, I must confess that there is nothing about Cullingworth which jars me so much as the low view which he takes of our profession. I can never reconcile myself to his views, and yet I can never convert him to mine, and so there will be a chasm there which, sooner or later, may open so wide as to divide us altogether. He will not acknowledge any philanthropic side to the question. A profession in his view is a means of earning a livelihood, and the doing good to our fellow-mortals is quite a secondary one.

"Why the devil should we do all the good, Munro?" he shouts. "Eh, what? A butcher would do good to the race, would he not, if he served his chops out gratis through the window. He'd be a real benefactor, but he goes on selling them at a shilling the pound for all that. Take the case of a doctor who devotes himself to sanitary science. He flushes out drains and keeps down infection. You call him a philanthropist! Well, I call him a traitor. That's it, Munro, a traitor and a renegade. Did you ever hear of a congress of lawyers for simplifying the law and discouraging litigation? What are the medical association and the general council and all these bodies for? Eh, lad-die? For encouraging the best interests of the profession. Do you suppose they do that by making the population healthy. It's about time we had a mutiny among the general practitioners. If I had the use of half the funds which the association has, I should spend part of them in drain-blocking, and the rest in the cultivation of disease-germs and the contamination of drinking-water."

Of course I told him that his views were diabolical, but—especially since that warning which I had from his wife—I discount everything that he says. He begins in earnest, but as he goes on the humor of exaggeration gets hold of him, and he winds up with things which he would never uphold in cold blood. However, the fact remains that we differ widely in our views of professional life, and I fear that we may come to grief over the question.

(To be continued.)



## An Experiment in Practical Communism.

(Continued from page 36.)

his faith, there was a considerable hegira when no men of special note were prominent as leaders. Metz was a man of vigorous mentality. Born in 1794, he early had his attention directed to the New World, and fixed upon it as a promising field in which to develop the society in which his soul seemed wrapped up. To the deepening spirituality of the Inspirationists the conditions under which they lived in Europe were distasteful. They believed that war was a relic of barbarism; that brotherly love as taught by Christ and Christian forbearance should lead to the settlement of both national and individual controversies by arbitration rather than at the high court of warfare, where might makes right and where the weak are at the mercy of the strong. And, indeed, this was one of the main reasons for leaving the world's great battle-field. They came here, as they declared in the preamble of their constitution, "For the sake of enjoying the noble, civil, and religious liberty of this country . . . under the protection of God, in peace and prosperity." The first settlement was made at Ebenezer, in Erie County, New York. Here they remained until 1854, when, "according to the known will of God," they "resolved unanimously to sell the Ebenezer lands and to undertake a new settlement further to the westward." In pursuance of this plan they "purchased a tract of land in the State of Iowa, and paid for the same out of the funds of the community." Then, "feeling thankful for the grace and beneficence of God, to be privileged under the laws of this State to an incorporation as a religious society," they associated themselves anew under the corporate name of "The Amana Society" (having been known in New York as "The Community of True Inspiration"), with their principal place of business at the town of Amana, and adopted a constitution and by-laws which was duly signed by all members of lawful age, male and female, in the month of December, 1859, to take effect on the first day of January, 1860.

Christian Metz, who had achieved the feat of planting the society in America, died in July, 1857, and was succeeded in the leadership by a woman, Barbara Landman, who for a quarter of a century maintained an unquestioned and unequivocal ascendancy. She was a woman of strong will, possessing remarkable native qualities of mind and deep spiritual fervor. She inspired in all who fell under the influence of her teaching a lasting affection and reverence. To her direct influence is largely due the success of the society, for as the younger members came into touch with the outer world they felt a quickening ambition to be a part of it, and only the keen appreciation of this spiritual hunger on the part of Barbara Landman, together with the tact to allay it by a sympathetic appreciation, held them faithful.

Since the death of this remarkable woman the society has had no spiritual leader laying claim to direct inspiration from God, and its affairs, both temporal and religious, have been administered by a board of trustees. The officers and trustees are chosen by ballot annually, and as they serve without emolument and in nowise are exempted from the ordinary duties of the society, there is little if any rivalry as to who shall hold the offices.

The estate of the society consists of land severally classed in three grades: bluffs or grazing land, rich bottom farming-lands, and timber tracts. The lands adapted to tillage are under a high state of cultivation.

In many of their methods and social observances and forms of life the colonists preserve the traditions of their old homes in Germany. In nothing is this shown more than in their economical administration of their estate. They do not dwell on separate farms, but in close little hamlets, eight in number. These villages are built on either side of the Iowa River, which flows through the colony, and are located upon the high ground. The villages and the dates of their settlement are:

Amana.....	1855	High Amana.....	1858
South Amana.....	1856	Middle Amana.....	1859
West Amana.....	1856	Homestead.....	1860
East Amana.....	1857	New South Amana.....	1886

Viewed from the car window of a rapidly moving train, these places seem dreary enough. The buildings are usually one story or a story and a half high, mostly built of wood, of a severely plain architecture. There is an utter absence of paint or whitewash. It has been adopted as a rule of the society that, for purposes of economy, nothing of the kind shall be used. The weather-beaten walls look dingy and dreary, giving the towns a wretched air of desolation, which is partially dissipated when viewed near at hand. Then the scrupulous neatness everywhere apparent takes on a beauty of its own. The neat white muslin curtains at the windows, the polished floors within, the

narrow gardens full of old-fashioned flowers—these in part make up for what would otherwise be so conspicuously wanting in architectural fastidiousness or decorative harmony. In each village there is a large assembly-hall, a church and school, built of brick, commodious, airy, comfortable, but severely plain. No cupolas or spires grace the houses of public worship, but each town has its assembly bells, which call to prayers, to church service, to public gatherings, and chime the hours of labor and refreshment; and give, on occasion, the dreaded alarm of fire. At Homestead there is one large bell whose brazen note can be heard all over the colony, and this is called the "time bell." At fixed intervals it rings, thus giving the exact colony time to all the other bells and regulating by its single note the affairs of the whole busy community.

In their domestic arrangements the communal idea is carried out. There is in each village a common cellar, usually under the church or school, where the supplies are kept. One kitchen, or two or three if the village needs demand it, supplies all the food, and five times a day these people eat together, three regular meals and two lunches being partaken of. The formal repasts they indulge in together in the village dining-rooms, where all repair, and where in silence they eat the substantial food which is set before them. But here, as in the churches, the sexes are kept separate. Doubtless Cupid has sight in Amana, and beyond peradventure shy eyes are sometimes lifted to dart coquettish glances across to where some bronzed youth is sitting with the "grave and reverend seniors."

In the schools both English and German are taught, and while German is the common language of the people—so many of whom still retain vivid personal recollections of their native land—the younger generation is feeling the momentum of the English-speaking population in which the colony is situated.

Industrial training goes hand in hand with the mental discipline. The classes of little boys knit and sew under the direction of the pedagogue, plying the needle in ludicrous solemnity. The schools—to which all children in the district, whether members of the colony or not, are freely admitted—include all the ordinary branches. A kindergarten in each village cares for the children of still more tender years, whose parents leave them there during the day, when they go to the fields or factories—for there are few idle hands in this busy community.

The work is regulated by the board of trustees and by the village boards, which assemble nightly to discuss the events of the day and plan the operations of the morrow. Each member, being assigned his specified duty, is notified, and accepts the notification without a thought of objection. The women work with the men in the fields, not always from necessity, but rather from preference.

The amusements of the people are not of a demonstrative kind. Dancing is strictly prohibited as immoral and frivolous. Church meetings take the place of lighter social convivialities, while the national holidays and the special observances of the colony afford general opportunity for a mild indulgence in pleasure. The churches are open every evening for prayer, and are usually largely attended. The regular church services are of a very simple nature, consisting of prayer, song, reading the Scriptures, and a brief exhortation by one of the elders.

Above all other places on the great colony the little tracts set aside as "God's Acre" are the saddest. Here simple and uniform head-boards of wood, bearing only the name and date, mark the last resting-place of those who have "passed on." In many instances the Amanites live to a really remarkable age, while the average longevity is considerably above the general average of the State. This is accounted for readily enough when we remember the temperate life of the people, together with the complete absence of mental or nervous strain. The sick, while under the care of the physician, are assigned to the charge of a "matron sister," who is often an experienced nurse, and she is given further help if the attendant physician thinks the exigency of the case demands it.

There is a commercial and industrial side to the community which gives it great importance and wide celebrity in the West. It was not the idea of the founders of the colony to limit it to a merely agricultural settlement. Their plan embraced the production of all the things needed in the life of the community. They were ambitious to make it a thoroughly independent aggregation of people. For this purpose they early founded industries demanded by their most pressing necessities. Some of these have flourished, and, in addition to supplying the specific needs of the colony, are a source of large revenue. The great industry of the Inspirationists centres in the woolen and print mills. There are two large woolen mills, the one at Amana

proper having four complete sets of machinery—four "mules and jacks," to use the technical phrase. At Middle Amana there is a mill of equal capacity. Both of these mills are run to their full capacity all the year—the wool being chiefly bought in Texas by agents of the society, and the flannels, blankets, and yarns produced are of a conceded high quality. The print-works at Amana proper is where the famous "colony blue" is spun—a color which distinguishes the dress of the society, and which in the name of the goods has found its way to the merchants' counters all over the country. It is a staple article of trade in the dry-goods business of the West, and purchasers pay more for it in the confident faith that they are buying just what the goods are represented to be. There are several large flouring-mills, employing the modern roller process, a large machine-shop, and the various minor trades are represented by artisans who are thoroughly equipped with machinery and tools.

Most of the machinery is driven by water power from the Iowa River, which has been dammed and a race constructed six miles in length. Upon this the colony keeps a fully equipped dredge-boat. The head of the water is an unfailing source of power. At Big Amana an artesian well, which was sunk to a depth of sixteen hundred feet, throws a five-inch stream with force enough to elevate the water into the second story of the factory, where it is used in washing wool. At Middle Amana there is a quaint system of water-works in connection with the mill supply. Three large drive wells supply the water, which is forced from the mill into an elevated reservoir, whence it flows to hydrants distributed at accessible points about the village. Water for fire purposes is drawn directly from the mill-race by apparatus not the most modern. But losses by fire are so infrequent that the society has saved a great deal of money by carrying its own insurance.

This is not an exclusive people we have been considering. While in a sense they separate themselves from the world, they have a welcome ready for all who visit them, and membership in the society is not difficult to obtain. Any one who is willing to subscribe to their rules, who is sincere in his profession of faith, and who will attest it by casting his property into the common fund, may take up life among them upon probation, and, if he prove worthy, attain to fellowship. This means food and clothing, abundance when well, care when ill, shelter and protection from want in old age. At any time a member may withdraw if he has a disposition to do so, and may take from the common fund what he put into it, or the heirs of a member may do so. H. S. KNEEDLER.

## Recorder Goff at the Bar.

JOHN W. GOFF'S most prominent characteristic in handling witnesses is his suavity. Probably no other lawyer at the bar of this city excels him in the ability to put a witness at ease. Being an Irishman, he is tactful, cautious, and witty by right of inheritance. While he was an assistant district attorney he often coaxed damaging admissions from witnesses who could not have been forced into telling the truth, but were hopelessly lost when they fell into the net of his persuasive blarneying. There is just enough of the County Wexford brogue on the tip of his tongue to give his words a musical ring. His curly gray hair and silvery beard (although he is young for a lawyer and positively juvenile as a judge), together with trustful blue-gray eyes, lent him an appearance of guileless innocence that wrought the undoing of many a liar in the court of General Sessions.

Recorder Goff's most celebrated case as an assistant district attorney was the criminal prosecution of Sheriff James A. Flack, William Flack (his son), and Joseph Meeks, a subservient referee, for conspiracy. Among them they had managed to impose a fraudulent divorce upon Mrs. Flack. In the trial Mr. Goff fought single-handed against such eminent lawyers as ex-Judge Horace Russell and ex-Judge Fullerton. He succeeded in convicting the prisoners after a fight that lasted nearly two weeks, and in spite of the fact that Flack, as a leading Tammany sachem and sheriff of the county of New York, exercised a wonderful amount of influence that could be distinctly felt but could hardly be described.

Upon this trial it fell to Mr. Goff to examine the judge who had granted the divorce and the lawyers who obtained it. Here were witnesses of very different calibre from those who usually came before him. Everybody knows how hard it is to get facts from a lawyer and to restrain him from making of the witness-chair a mere forum for the delivery of opinions. Mr. Goff got facts. An examination of the record shows that the legal witnesses had no opportunity to unload opinions. They made most damaging admissions. Mr. Goff's treatment of the judge and the lawyers was a model of deference. Their testimony reflected severely, to say the

least, upon their professional conduct, but they seemed unable to withhold the truth.

While probing the army of witnesses before the Lexow committee Mr. Goff was accused at times of bullying and bulldozing. Such accusations were not fair. Whenever he dropped his native manner long enough to ask a witness if he did not know he was lying, the witness was, as a matter of fact, telling the thing that was not true. Perhaps ex-Police Commissioner John McClave furnishes the best example of the disastrous effect of Mr. Goff's power of making a witness believe that the examiner knows all about him. Although the lawyer had only one or two damaging facts, he made so much capital out of suspicious entries in McClave's bank-book and the man's guilty conscience that he drove him not only out of office, but out of the country to rebuild his shattered health.

WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

## The Late Canadian Premier.

WE illustrate the arrival of Her Majesty's ship *Blenheim* at the entrance of Halifax harbor, bearing the remains of the late prime minister of Canada.

No better estimate of the value of Sir John Thompson, as a man, a husband, a scholar and a statesman, can be formed than in cataloguing the honors which England and France and America have offered as their tribute. The Presidents of the two great republics and his Holiness the Pope of Rome have united in expressing the common sorrow by outward manifestations of supreme regard. The great ones of the earth have, either by ambassador or otherwise, gathered about the far-off grave on the lonely Canadian coast. Never, perhaps, in the history of the Dominion has there been a longer and more honorable funeral. The obsequies commenced in the Queen's home, and the state ceremonials continued through lands, cities, and seas until the remains were finally at rest. Sir John Thompson was stricken down at the right hand of his Queen. His course from the obscurity of his early days was one continuous ascent, through the first struggles of an honorable professional and political career to the office of minister of justice, and finally to that of prime minister. Why he should have been cut off in all the intensity of his life's work and his country's necessities is hard, indeed, to understand. His life is a fairy tale of hard work, in which he himself was wizard. He never sought position. The position always sought him. Because he alone could fill it. But if he had been ambitious in the more common way that is hardly known to real genius, he could hardly have chosen a more fitting end to his marvelous career—when the hand of a kind woman soothed his last moments, and when he left Windsor Castle pillowed on the tear-stained flowers of the Queen of England. STINSON JARVIS.

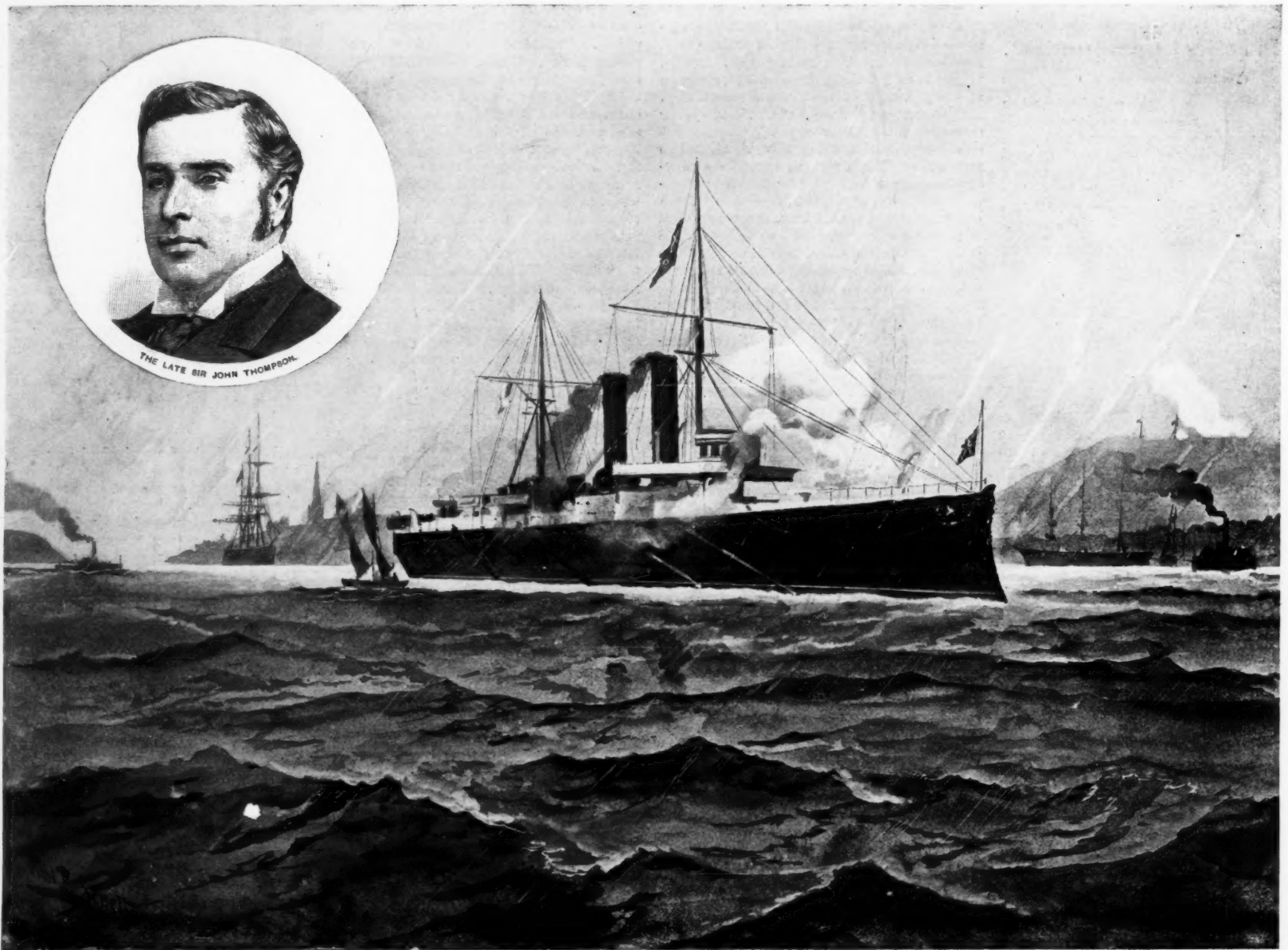
## The Dawn of Reformation.

I SEE a gladsome morning break  
Upon the world o'er future years,  
When despots on their thrones shall quake,  
And each disown the crown he wears.  
  
What time that halcyon day shall burst  
In splendor on this shadowed life,  
The follies mankind long have nursed;  
Oppression and the cause of strife;  
  
Distorted shapes of beauteous good,  
Held sacred as at first conceived;  
The errors that as truth have stood,  
And cruel creeds so long believed—  
  
These all shall dissipate like mist  
That broods o'er valleys through the night,  
When earth's fair forehead has been kissed  
By her resplendent bridegroom's light.  
  
The seer and sage from lofty peaks  
Of higher altitudes of thought  
Have long perceived effulgent streaks  
That distant mountain-tops have caught.  
  
They watched the signs that herald morn  
With eyes that scanned their varying tints,  
And prophesied, despite of scorn,  
The dawn which the horizon glints.  
  
Like watchmen on a city tower,  
They still proclaim the day's approach  
To torpid minds that note the hour,  
Then their disturbers' voice reproach:  
  
" 'Tis false! I see no sunlight peep  
Into my shuttered chamber yet.  
Cease thy report and let me sleep,  
That I such folly may forget."  
  
But ever and anon a cry  
Gives warning of the coming change,  
While sluggards ask the reason why,  
And deem this exhortation strange:  
  
"Awake, ye dreamers, and arise!  
Your minds with knowledge now array;  
For bright and brighter grow the skies,  
Which soon shall glow with perfect day."

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

TORONTO, CANADA.





THE ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH CRUISER "BLENHEIM" AT HALIFAX WITH THE REMAINS OF SIR JOHN THOMPSON, LATE PREMIER OF CANADA.  
DRAWN BY FRED B. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 39.]



JACK-RABBIT HUNTING FOR CHARITY—OVER FIVE THOUSAND RABBITS KILLED IN ONE DAY AT LAMAR, COLORADO.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. HALLACK.—[SEE PAGE 43.]



HOWARD MOSHIER, WHO BROKE THE WORLD'S RECORDS IN 230-YARD AND 440-YARD RACES.



Moshier. Donoghue.  
THE MATCH SKATING RACES AT ORANGE LAKE, NEW YORK, BETWEEN HOWARD MOSHIER AND "JIM" DONOGHUE—THE START IN THE 230-YARD RACE.



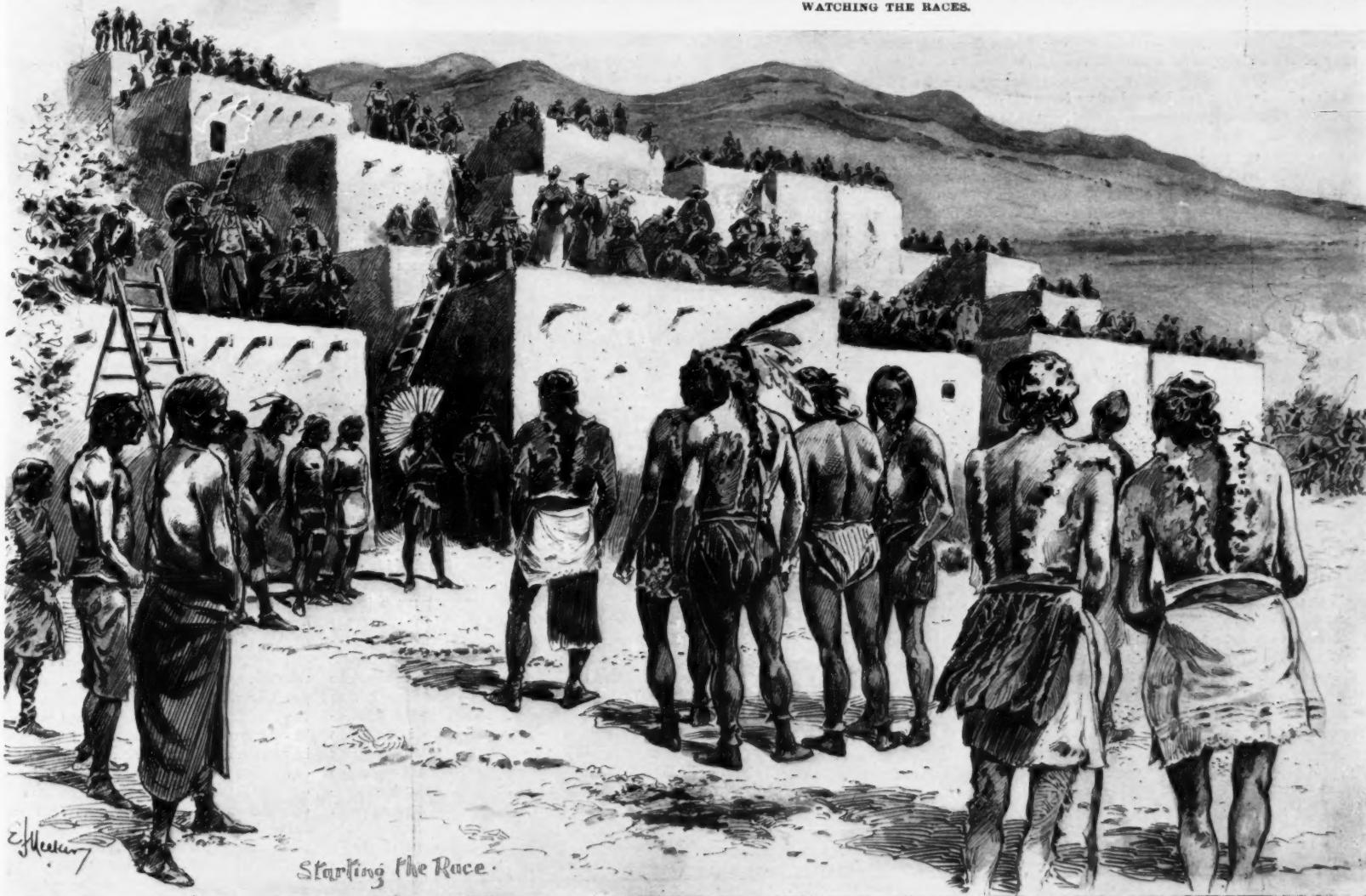


Domingo Coneha - Oldest Chief of the Pueblos. Aged 128 Years.  
DOMINGO CONCHA, OLDEST CHIEF OF THE PUEBLOS, AGED 128 YEARS.



Watching the Races.

WATCHING THE RACES.



Starting the Race.

STARTING THE RACE.



Cheffonetti Shooting Arrows at the Sheep.

CHEFFONETTI SHOOTING ARROWS AT THE SHEEP.



Awaiting Turns in the Race.

AWAITING TURNS IN THE RACE.



## A UNIQUE PUEBLO FESTIVAL.

Forty miles away from the railroad, in one of the most remote and inaccessible parts of New Mexico, stand two enormous adobe buildings seven stories in height, prehistoric in their origin and remarkable in their preservation. These buildings form the headquarters of the Pueblo tribe of Indians, and about four hundred Indians are quartered there in comfort, cleanliness, and comparative affluence. Save the few white residents of the ancient and near-by Mexican village of Taos, Americans seldom find their way to this out-of-the-way spot, and as a result the Indian is here seen in all his pristine innocence and guilelessness, and the Pueblos, being by nature a peace-loving, sober, industrious tribe, preserve their own peculiar manners and customs to a degree which is almost startling in this last decade of the nineteenth century.

The efforts of the missionaries have been but partially successful, and the religion of the tribe to-day is a most curious and interesting mixture of sun-worship and Christianity. This combination is best displayed at the celebration of their most important festival, that of San Geronimo, their patron saint, which occurs on the 30th of September, each year. The principal feature of the day is the relay foot-race, which is run between the bucks of the two pueblos (as the adobe buildings are called), for the purpose of determining which party shall elect the chief or governor for the ensuing year, and also have the custody of the highly-prized statue of the saint.

Thousands of Mexicans and hundreds of Indians of various tribes flock to this festival, and the picture is indeed most unique. The scene of the celebration on the occasion of our visit was a broad, open plaza, flanked on either side by a huge adobe, with beautiful Taos mountain, in all the glory of its rich autumnal foliage, forming the background. In the centre of the plaza stood a tall pole, and here for the moment all interest was centred. Half a dozen Indians led out a sheep, and at the foot of the pole, without further ceremony, a knife was plunged to its heart. A nimble young buck then climbed to the top of the pole, with the aid of a rope slung over the cross-trees, and hauled the sheep up after him, tying it by its four feet to the left-hand side, and afterward securely fastening a large bag of melons and small fruits to the other side. Directly behind us stood a most primitive little adobe chapel, surmounted by a bell which was rung by an Indian standing upon the roof, while another member of the tribe, in full war-regalia, stood in front of the entrance, firing a shot-gun at intervals to scare away the Evil One. Inside the chapel Mass was being said by a young French priest, and every available foot of space was crowded with kneeling Indians. At the end of the Mass a procession was formed to convey the treasured statue of San Geronimo to the bower from whence the leaders of the tribe would judge the races of the day. Five little Indian maidens, the first bearing a crucifix, the second a rudely-carved and gaudily-decorated figure of San Geronimo, and the others with small statues of Our Lady, in all the finery of Mexican colors, were escorted under a cotton-cloth canopy, preceded by an Indian boy beating a drum, across the plaza to the bower. The honor of being the bearer of the statue of the saint is eagerly sought by all the maidens of the Pueblos, as it is considered a crucial test of purity, and tradition has it that should any girl unworthy this honor lay but a hand on this statue instant death would result.

By this time hundreds have climbed to the various levels of the larger pueblo, seeking a point of vantage from which to view the race, while both sides of the straight-away course are crowded with sight-seers afoot and in wagons. A band of about a hundred Apache Indians have chosen the farther end of the pueblo as their particular place, and the brilliancy of their blankets and the richly-extravagant costumes of their squaws make a most attractive group.

The course over which the race is run is about four hundred yards in length. Indians armed with switches and small boughs are stationed at short intervals along its entire length to keep back the crowds as well as to urge on the runners as they pass. Good nature is the order of the day. At either end of the course the racers now gather, clad only in breech-clout and feathers, while their bodies are decorated with many-colored paints, and in designs both startling and original. Two opposing runners now stand side by side, every muscle and nerve strained, awaiting the signal to start. A gun is fired and away they leap, tearing down the course like mad amid the shrill cries of their partisans. As each guard is passed the runner is switched with the small boughs and urged to his topmost speed by his friends, while intense

excitement reigns on both sides of the living lane through which they run. As soon as the eastern goal is reached by the first runner another representative of his side dashes forward on the return journey, followed a second later by a runner from the other side, each timing his start so as to hold whatever gain has been made over his adversary, and so they run back and forth for two mortal hours, about fifty bucks in all participating, and never for one moment does the excitement or interest flag. Finally the last set of runners, the choicest athletes of the tribe, start down the course neck and neck. On they come, the course behind them filling up, as they pass, with the excited crowds eager to learn the result, and side by side they jump the line which marks the course, finishing in a dead heat.

A dignified, earnest, and thoughtful consultation between the chiefs in the bower followed, and the announcement was made that the present governor would remain in office until the feast of Saint Iago, which occurs on July 25th, when the race will again be run.

Following the decision of the judges came the "bread-dance." All the contestants in the running-race lined up side by side, the recent opponents facing each other, and each carrying in his hand a bough of golden quaking-aspen. A chant was started, and the dance, which consisted simply of a side-step, carried the performers down the track a distance of probably a hundred feet, while the crowd on the pueblo showered bread and fruit upon them.

This concluded the morning performance. At three in the afternoon we paid our respects to old Domingo Concha, the famous chief of the tribe, its idol and counselor, although now something over one hundred and twenty years of age. When we found him he was lying on the roof of his home in the sunlight, and being for the moment unattended I managed to secure a picture of him, although a group of Apaches on the level above us was throwing stones and shouting at me vigorously as I did so. The noise brought several members of Concha's family to the spot, and the care and solicitude which they manifested for his comfort were most touching. Concha says that as nearly as he can remember he was about forty years of age in 1806 at the time of the total eclipse of the sun.

Just then a crowd of perhaps sixty mounted Mexican cowboys dashed into the plaza in all the brutal excitement of a chicken race. The leader flourished a chicken, which he held by the legs, while the others exhibited their clever riding in their efforts to catch him, until finally two riders, with more tenacity than humanity, held on, each by a leg of the fowl, pulling it fairly apart, the blood spurting over both. Another was secured and buried in the sand, its head alone protruding, and then a rider would fly by at full speed, swinging far over on his horse's side, grasp the head firmly and ride away with the chicken, pursued by the others, and repeating the former scene.

While this diversion was in progress the chef-fonetti, or Indian clowns, appeared, and their coming was hailed with delight on all sides. Their make-up was striking in the extreme. Their bodies and limbs, coated all over with gray, were striped with broad bands of white paint, and their faces, too, were made up in like manner. Wispes of straw were fastened in their hair, and in their hands they carried tiny bows and arrows made of straw. The chef-fonetti are supposed to be in search of the sheep which was suspended upon the pole, and in their search they exercise the wildest liberty, making it as ridiculous as possible. A description of their antics would occupy more space than we can afford it. With the discovery of the sheep on the pole and its removal the *festa* of San Geronimo was brought to a close as the rays of the setting sun lighted up the topmost peak of Taos mountain, leaving valley and plain bathed in a gorgeous purple light. D. J. FLYNN.



### The Masqueraders.

It has been claimed by many critics who for lack of idea rush into cheap and easy blame, that we have too much of the sex problem put before us in the drama. I differ. Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy, and Pinero are presenting life as it is to-day. The sex problems, the rights, duties, and freedoms of women, wives, and husbands, contain the vital questions of the era. On these points latter-day society is hovering over the course that leads toward gradual re-formation. The "new woman" is as

inevitably with us as death and taxes. I do not mean that she is always as absurd and "advanced" as in Grundy's skit, but that she exists throughout the world, determined to have her own way in regard to such freedoms, practices, and professions as may seem more desirable to her than the carrying out of the time-honored duties. And the difficulty for men (if they are honest) lies in this fact, that there is much to be said by the new woman that has reason in it. It is quite true that she makes mince-meat of many masculine prejudices. But it is also true that man, who has so far seemed to make things to suit himself, is now in this matter helpless.

When nature's ways have seemed wrong it has always been a source of comfort during our ignorance to remember that we are not responsible for nature. And man's helplessness in this further evolution contains also, and more now than ever, its background of comfort in the irresponsibility created when all personal effort is defeated by superior power. And yet we know that increased freedom has always implied increased possibilities for both good and evil. It is not for man to storm as he sees his own position becoming so altered in woman's rush for new ideals and further avenues for freedom. The plain truth is that there are thousands upon thousands of women who through multitudinous causes are unhappy in their marriage; and that they will seek satisfaction in greater freedom is as certain as to-morrow's sunrise. Our praise or blame is useless. We are spectators. At most we are mere puppets in Fate's hands—and our wisest position is that in which we say with Tennyson: "Wait; my faith is large in Time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end." Viewing this evolution apart from our own prejudices we cannot quite close our eyes to the equity of woman's demand for a truer companionship and a truer marriage. Masterdom on one side and slavery on the other—affection on one side and indifference on the other—fidelity on one side and gross neglect on the other—these are the situations which women are seeking to dismiss. And as they have always sought and still seek for the highest and best holiness in marriage, we may still trust their instincts while forced to admit that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

In "The Masqueraders," however, there is somewhat less of these ideas than in other late plays. But they all hold the epigrams and mental fireworks characteristic of to-day's drama. I had the advantage of seeing all these plays as first produced in London, and I must say in regard to the character of *Dulcie Larronde* that the transition from Mrs. Patrick Campbell to Viola Allen is very fatiguing. A child's cooing note, a loud rant, a weary sigh and a dress—this is Viola Allen. Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave us a real study of a real life, and the play needs this intensity to interpret that something existed in *Dulcie* which the high poetic love of *David Remon* could idealize. As it is now, the undoubted value of Henry Miller's *David* is leaked away when we involuntarily condemn him for loving one who from first to last is a false-sounding nonentity. William Faversham gave us a *Sir Brice Skene* better than the London one. As in the part he took in "Aristocracy," Mr. Faversham left no room for improvement. In saying this I intentionally exhaust words. It is no injustice to Mr. Henry Miller to say that one misses in his *David* the peculiar personal beauty which so much assists in making Mr. Alexander a London favorite. Both act the part equally well. Both interpret the author's intention, that *David's* dreamy science is, to some extent, a poetical and refined method of concealing a strong human love and a rarefied, imaginative, and high-strung nature. This nature has been much derided by the critics who are foreign to it; but when this continually-controlled *David* gives rein to passion and shakes *Sir Brice Skene* almost to death, he exhibits a force brutal enough to even satisfy the peculiar tastes of the critics.

I was very glad to again meet the inimitable *Cayley* of "Mrs. Tanqueray" in Mr. Dodson's *Montague Lushington*. This London young man, who complacently admits in continuous epigram his utter selfishness and freedom from all morals, is a most clever and interesting take-off. For all such parts Mr. Dodson's enunciation is capable of bringing out the true flavor of the *bon mot*, and I much regretted that he was apparently hurried by the stage management over those mental fire-crackers which he touched off so perfectly when with the Kendals. The author never intended that these brilliant sallies should be slurred over, and I felt sorry for Mr. Dodson, who is one of the few men living who can produce them rightly.

The play has been derided because *Dulcie* finds it possible to live with *David* after the way is cleared for her doing so. The author is accused of squaring himself with Mrs. Grundy in the last act. But the extraordinary refinements of sensitized women are not, perhaps, to be fully catalogued by newspaper reporters,

Every approach and tenderness of *David* now bring up marriage memories which make her recoil from him and leave him. The play here contains valuable teaching as to what will often happen, and what has already happened, to the new woman in the forsaking of marriage ties. Marriage means more than words and "rights," and the new woman will still continue to learn the old, old lesson, that she is intended to be a fixture in the home—and, in many cases, that the worst forms of married unhappiness, when combined with self-respect, are preferable to the loathsomeness of change.

STINSON JARVIS.



### Reform in Foot-ball.

WHEN a great newspaper sees fit to declare, editorially, that "in the simple bluntness of truth foot-ball is the most brutal exercise ever permitted outside of the Roman circus, or of such relics of barbarian savagery as the 'purring' practiced by English miners"; when, indeed, in its news columns it characterizes Hinkley, of Yale, as a "domineering bully," and withal "a tender, shrinking young personage, who kicked one of his team by way of reproof so violently that the player (Beard, Yale's tackle is referred to, and I am able to assert here that this player did not sustain even a bruise throughout the season) was laid up, and may be lastingly maimed as a result," it is time to make answer in defense of the game. When graduates write for publication in this strain: "I feel a sense of degradation whenever I read accounts of these brutal exhibitions"; "The sport has degenerated very much since the days when I was at college"; "If the object of our college education is to turn out prize-fighters or bullies or toughs I can see the utility of such sport"; and finally, when Indiana college presidents see fit to meet in solemn conclave and severely condemn intercollegiate foot-ball owing to its brutal nature, and resolve "that with the concurrence of the faculties of our several colleges, foot-ball be and the same hereby is withdrawn from the list of athletic sports to be participated in by members of the Indiana Intercollegiate Association as an organization, until the laws governing the game shall be so modified as to be satisfactory to us," who will say, who has the interests of the game at heart, that it is not time that action was taken by the proper authorities to enter protest and stamp such language of the press unwarrantable?

If the game as played to-day is such as to justify these sentiments, the sooner it is struck off the calendar of college sports the better. If, on the other hand, the game is not the brutal one as portrayed, an authorized body should meet the charges and meet them squarely. Public opinion is moulded more through the press than any other agency or combination of agencies, and it follows that newspaper talk during the season just passed has wrought undue prejudices in the minds of tens of thousands who never saw a foot-ball game. Among this great number of people are the anxious mothers, the fathers, and the sisters whose flesh and blood have been elements in the game, and they have been and still are aghast in contemplation of all manner of dangers because of the stories of brutality painted in the rosy tints of which only sensational editors and reporters who have been piqued by the refusal of foot-ball captains to be interviewed know the secret.

Yes, the time is at hand, indeed, while the blood yet retains a bit of the heat inspired by the last game of the season, to take up the cudgels in the defense of the greatest of American games. Naturally the question arises, How shall action be taken, and by whom? The answer seems a simple one. Inasmuch as there is such an organization as the "American Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association," the taking of the initial step is justly vested in that body. This association comprises a membership of but two colleges, namely, Yale and Princeton, and the advisory committee is composed in consequence of only two graduates—Walter Camp, of Yale, and Alexander Moffatt, of Princeton. Now the constitution of the association provides for a yearly meeting of the advisory committee on the first Saturday in March; but it is stipulated that the secretary—in this instance Mr. Camp—may convene a meeting of the committee at any time on a five days' notice. To Mr. Camp, then, falls the honor of giving the ball of inquiry its first impetus. In the past the various conferences of Mr. Camp and Mr. Moffatt have been invariably frictionless, and it is only reasonable to suppose that a meeting in the near future of these fathers of foot-ball to their respective colleges should result, in short order, in the adoption of a scheme to promote suitable action.

Certainly it would be the work of a few minutes for such experts to draft a formal letter of



invitation to the athletic committee of the University Athletic Club to undertake the appointment of a representative committee of not less than six different college men, and vest in them the power to draw up plans for a proper assembly meeting during this winter which shall in every respect be a body capable of coping with the subject of foot-ball attacks and reform.

Another "few minutes" only would be necessary to word a resolution similar to the following, that due spirit may be infused in the organization work of the club committee: That, whereas the prominence given to brutality in foot-ball during the season of 1893 is to our minds not borne out by the facts; that the charges of brutality have unduly prejudiced the opinions of thousands of people; and that the results of the season's work of the different teams has shown beyond peradventure the need of further legislation on lines similar to the work of the "rules committee" of last year;

Be it resolved, then, that immediate action be taken by a representative body of college men to investigate charges of brutality, and suggest remedies, if such are needed, and further draft a new set of rules which shall govern players and officials in a manner essentially calculated to improve the game and render future adverse criticism very difficult.

Concerning the drafting of new rules this much is to be said: The work of the "rules committee" a year ago benefited the game in many ways, yet it was by no means thorough. To place foot-ball on the right basis, the task of necessity is a stupendous one, and this should be realized in the present crisis. The playing code as it stands to-day, and as it stood fifteen years ago, is notoriously obscure and incomplete. It contains rules which are capable of being interpreted a half-dozen different ways, and each season has seen exhibitions of this nature. The present code, then, should be given to the flames and an entirely new set framed. And this work, be it understood, cannot be done thoroughly by a committee of four—men who played the game as undergraduates a dozen years ago. Of such members and constituency was the former rules committee. While the advice of such men cannot be other than valuable, and as such prove no uncertain element in convention, there should be thrown into the balance the experience of those who have played the game recently. Not only should the captains of the different teams be invited to make up an assembly, but before that assembly shall convene, a systematic canvass should be made of the ideas of every foot-ball player, say, on the six or eight foremost college teams of last year.

The players to suggest reforms of the most value are those who have accustomed themselves to think, to use their heads in their play, and it is more often the player in the ranks than his captain who observes to advantage when the heat of battle rages fiercest.

Early in the season last year a foot-ball player of four years' experience was asked to read the rules carefully and mark parts which were too obscure for his understanding. Just think of it! This player was forced to make a mark against nearly every second rule in the book. Suppose then that the different captains are instructed to place in the hands of each member of their respective teams a copy of the rules, with the request that he read the code carefully and then write as briefly as possible his opinions of changes—denote those rules which he does not understand—and carefully note any ideas he may have formed which in his opinion would if adopted improve the game. These reports might then be put in shape—summarized as it were—by the captains, who, at an appointed time and armed with their reports, shall meet the older or graduate heads appointed by the club committee, and in joint convention boil the results which each and every member shall have offered, down to a working basis. In this way there would be massed enough intelligent material to render the work of writing new rules complete and thorough.

The convention might fittingly complete its work by properly defining brutality in foot-ball, and showing to what really small extent, and from what causes, it exists. Opinions justified by facts would thus be created in the average mind which now looks upon the game as something more dire and bloodthirsty than an Eastern engagement.

The fact that there will be an international yacht-race this year is equivalent to saying that the sport will surely attain its greatest prominence. By the first of April it will be possible to show at least one of the prospective cup-defenders in process of building on the stocks at the Herreshoffs' works at Bristol, Rhode Island, at which time a review of the situation may be made in a more satisfactory manner than now.

*W.T. Bull.*

## Hunting for Charity.

WESTERN sportsmen have long slaughtered the wild game of the prairies and mountains for gain and for amusement, as well as out of pure wantonness, but they now have a new motive—charity. Parson Uzzell, the eccentric street preacher of Denver, is responsible for the origin of the idea. One year ago he issued an address through the Denver papers, calling attention to the necessities of the poor, and pleading for assistance to give them something extra for their holiday dinners. He suggested that the jack-rabbits, which are so plentiful, be shot for charity and given to the poor. The idea was joyfully received, and hundreds of sportsmen congregated at Lamar to gather the evasive game. The day was a great success. Over three thousand rabbits were killed, and the railroads took them to Denver free of charge. They were distributed among the poor, and although not to be compared to canvas-back duck or corn-fed turkey, there is much worse game than the jack-rabbit when it has come to prime condition by autumn feeding. At least the poor were grateful, and this year the experiment was repeated on a larger scale and with more abundant success.

Hunters from all parts of the State gathered at Lamar on December 23d, with dogs of high and low degree—and some of no degree at all. The costumes and weapons of the hunters were as various, but the game instinct was strong in the hearts of all. The hundreds of ambitious sportsmen were divided into companies and squads, and under skilled leaders they spread out in a huge circle, then gradually closed in, driving the frightened jacks toward the middle until a spot of prairie, one hundred acres or more in extent, was fairly alive with the fleet creatures. Then as they began breaking through the lines the rifles cracked faster and faster until the ground was thickly strewn with the victims. The helpers gathered up the game and took it to the public square, where in a long line reaching three blocks the furry collection was displayed—5,142 in all as the day's catch. There was some pleasant relation of incidents of the day, the mass of rabbits was loaded on the cars, and the special train pulled out for Denver, where the load was distributed.

Other communities have taken up the plan, and in Kansas and Nebraska Counties "jack-rabbit day" has been observed with excellent results. In Pawnee County, Kansas, a day's hunting brought in about two thousand rabbits, which were sent to Kansas City for distribution by the mayor on Christmas day.

A favorite device for discovering this game is the wire-drag. A jack-rabbit is an expert at concealing itself. The merest grass clump serves to hide his crouching form, and if he thinks himself unseen he will lie still until his pursuers are beside him. An eighty-rod wire, attached at each end to a heavy farm-wagon moving forward at right angles, makes a clean sweep of the intervening prairie. The hunters, stationed at intervals behind the wire, are ready to bring down the game as it scurries away from the advancing drag. It is an unskillful party that cannot fill both wagons in a day's drive.

C. M. HARGER.

## The New Diphtheria Cure.

No recent scientific discovery is of greater importance than that of the diphtheria cure. It has been hailed everywhere with satisfaction and delight. The anti-toxine or anti-diphtheric serum, as is generally known, is usually supplied by the horse, but the reason why of all animals the horse was selected to furnish anti-toxine is not so generally known. It was chosen, as is stated by a writer in the *Boston Transcript*, because it is liable to diphtheria—an all-important condition—and second, because of the large quantity of blood that it is able to furnish periodically without such loss of vital power as may not be speedily regained. Small animals, to which diphtheria or croup may also be easily communicated, such as rabbits and guinea-pigs, would have been of small practical service as providers of serum, useful as they proved during the experimental period. "The process by which the anti-toxine is obtained is not only costly, but is very long. First, there is the preparation of the toxine. It begins with the 'culture' of the bacillus which Löffler discovered in the false membranes formed in the throat by croup and diphtheria. Then the diphtheric poison, mixed with an alkaline solution, must remain a month before being used, and experiments have to be made to ascertain its degree of virulence. The rôle of the guinea-pig now comes in, and it is less agreeable than that of the horse. When a certain quantity of the poison kills a robust guinea-pig in a given time, the strength is ascertained. The horse then undergoes its first inoculation, not, however, with the pure toxine, for it is largely attenuated with iodine (Gram's liquor). It is not until the animal has undergone a series of inoculations and several weeks have passed that the

pure toxine is injected into the system. It takes about seven weeks to complete the treatment, and then the horse has been rendered absolutely proof against diphtheria, and the serum which is drawn off from its blood after coagulation is fit to be employed upon the human subject. How this serum arrests the propagation of the bacillus and thus saves the life of the patient is still a mystery of nature. All that science knows about the matter at present is that it does exercise this wonderful power." We give illustrations in connection with this subject.

## Our Superlative Department.

ALREADY the mails are bringing us letters from all over the country protesting that "the biggest things" enumerated in OUR SUPERLATIVE DEPARTMENT last week were not the very biggest, and describing other and bigger things. These interesting communications will be published hereafter, in condensed form. In the meantime the attention of our readers and of the public at large is directed to the list of the tallest things given below, with the continued invitation to any and everybody to "speak right out in meeting."

### The Highest Things.

The highest building in New York City is the Manhattan Life Insurance Company's in lower Broadway. Weather Prophet Dunn has just moved into his new office in its 22d story, 351 feet above Broadway. Until now the highest building had been the Madison Square Garden tower, 321 feet high. Can Chicago beat it?

The Masonic Temple in Chicago is twenty stories in height, but Sergeant Dunn looks right over it.

The great porcelain tower at Nankin, China, cost four million dollars, was finished in 1430, and was only ninety stories high. But it towered to an eminence of 260 feet.

The highest viaduct in the world crosses the River Lea in Bolivia, 9,833 feet above the sea level. It is 4,608 feet above the river, is 10,497 feet long, and weighs 9,115 tons.

The Osborne apartment house in this city is the tallest. Its fifteenth story rises 166 feet above the street. The Dakota, with eight stories, is only 163 feet high. By the New York building laws no dwelling or apartment house may now exceed eighty feet in height on a street or avenue exceeding sixty feet in width.

The highest newspaper building is that of the *New York Times*, 184 feet.

The tallest chimney in the world is at the Port Dundas Works, Glasgow, Scotland. It is 468 feet high. The iron chimney at Creusot, France, twenty-three feet in diameter at the bottom and seven at the top, is 279 feet high. The chimney of the Clarke thread works in Newark is the pride of New Jersey. William Green, the greatest steeple-climber in Great Britain, repaired the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, 404 feet high; of Louth, 350 feet, and of Grantham, 320 feet. He built or repaired over five hundred chimney-stacks.

Lake George is said to be 333 feet above the sea-level. Lake Champlain is only ninety-three feet above tide-water.

The smoke-stacks of the ocean steamer *Campania* are 120 feet high and twenty-one feet in diameter.

What is the tallest tree in New York? In the East? In the Rocky Mountains? On the Pacific coast? The tallest oak in the British Isles is called the Duke's Walking-stick, and is higher than the spire of Westminster Abbey. The Cowthorpie oak measures seventy-eight feet in circumference at its base.

The tallest prize-fighter was Ned O'Baldwin, "the Irish giant," who came to this country in 1868. He was six feet six and a half inches high. He was murdered by his partner, Fennell, September 27th, 1875.

Our girls are growing taller year by year. The percentage of American girls approximating five feet nine inches is larger yearly. But no girl is really any taller than her sweetheart's heart.

The commonest error about high things is in regard to the height of ocean waves. They have been spoken of for ages as "mountains high." They are declared by scientists never to exceed thirty feet in height. The depressions between them make them seem much higher. The wind often hurls them, of course, to much

greater heights. The lantern of the light-house at Tillamook, Washington, 136 feet above the water, has been drenched in a storm.

Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, is the highest mountain in North America; Mount Whitney, fifty miles west of Death Valley, is said to be "three miles high"; Mount Tacoma is 14,444 feet high, two feet higher than Mount Shasta; Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, is the highest peak in the known world, though travelers say "there is a mountain 32,000 feet high in New Guinea."

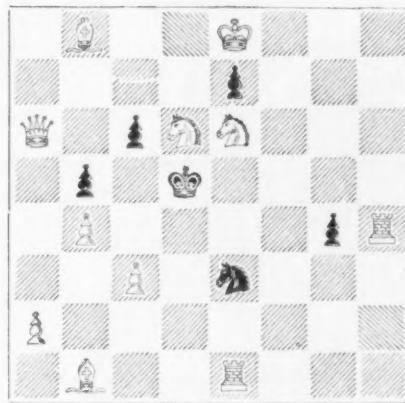
## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### The Chess-Board.

PROBLEM No. 2. BY MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

Black.



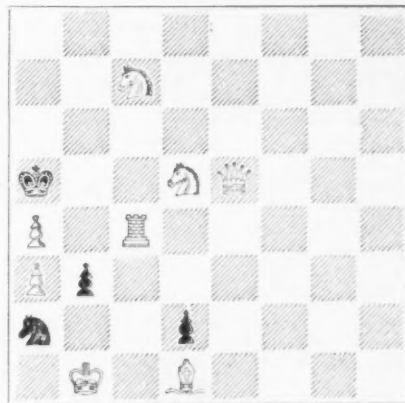
White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

As a rule the fair sex do not aspire to become proficient at chess; nevertheless, the above composition is by a noted lady composer, who has an international reputation for having originated some wonderfully clever problems.

PROBLEM No. 3. BY S. LOYD.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 1. BY CARPENTER.

White.	Black.
1. Q to K R 3	1. K to K 5
2. R to B 4, mate.	

Mr. Carpenter's problem was greatly admired and many solutions were received, especially from amateurs who are not accustomed to trying difficult endings.

No. 3 is also a bi-mover, but having more pieces on the board gives a larger variety of possible "tries" to tax the solver's ingenuity.

## To Down Spooks.

A WEALTHY bachelor declared that a horrid hag had glared at him, through the night. His friends laughed at him, but he insisted that the house was haunted. He grew ill, complaining of extreme heaviness in the stomach, his appetite failed, he grew sallow, emaciated and despondent, believing he was going to die, the spook being a warning, and declared he could hear funeral-bells ringing in his ears, and even hinted at suicide. A friend induced him to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and he rapidly grew well, spooks and all his distressing symptoms disappearing. A torpid liver and dyspepsia caused his suffering and the medicine cured both.

## A New Cure for Asthma.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal-card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.





DRAWING FOR A WIFE—THE CELEBRATED CARD SCENE.



MR. DODSON ("MONTAGUE LUSHINGTON") AND MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE.



"THIS REPRESENTS OUR TOTAL BANK-ACCOUNT—THREE AND SEVENPENCE-HA'PENNY."



"IN THE FAR-OFF PLANET OF ANDROMEDA HEARTS DO NOT BREAK."

## THE DRAMA IN NEW YORK CITY.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY OF "THE MASQUERADERS," AS GIVEN AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 42.]



# These are Facts

## Which Housekeepers Should Seriously Consider

**I**F you want the best food, you will be interested in the following facts, which show why "Royal" is the best baking powder, why it makes the best and most wholesome food, and why its use has become almost universal—its sale greater in this country than the sale of all other cream-of-tartar baking powders combined.

**The Royal Baking Powder NEVER fails.**

**It is absolutely pure and wholesome.**

**It is combined from the most approved and healthful ingredients.**

**It makes the finest flavored, most tender, delicious, and wholesome food.**

**It has greater leavening strength than any other baking powder, and is therefore the cheapest.**

**It never loses its strength, but will keep fresh and full of leavening power until used.**

**It acts slowly in the dough, so that none of its strength is lost before the baking is completed.**

**It makes food that will keep sweet, moist, and fresh longer, or that may be eaten hot and fresh with impunity.**

The reasons why the Royal Baking Powder is superior to all others in these respects are easily stated. One is because it is made from chemically pure materials; another is because it is made with greater care and accuracy than any other. It is always uniform in composition and leavening power. It has been the standard baking powder for twenty-five years. The founder has continuously conducted its business and is still at the head of its management. Thus all the knowledge and skill attained by over a quarter of a century's experience is available in its present preparation. The consumer is not experimented upon by changes of formula that are constantly being made in other powders in an effort to get a mixture that will not "cake" or lose its strength, or that follow changes of proprietorship or manufacturers. The Royal Baking Powder is always certain and equal in its work; a teaspoonful does the same perfect work to-day that it did yesterday, or last week or month, or last year.

While the last teaspoonful in a can of Royal is as good as the first, other powders lose their strength after being made a short time, and particularly after the can is opened.

No great efforts are made by other manufacturers to procure pure materials.

They use the ordinary cream of tartar of the market, which contains tartrate of lime, and is frequently mixed with alum, phosphates, or terra alba. The frequent tests by the Massachusetts and New York State Boards of Health show the great extent of this adulteration.

But experiments that cost many hundred thousand dollars were made by the Royal Baking Powder Company to secure for its use chemically pure ingredients, and to devise methods and formulas that would make a perfect baking powder.

In the manufacture of this powder there is used more than half of all the cream of tartar consumed in the United States for all purposes.

This is refined in the mammoth works of the Company (erected at a cost of over half a million dollars) by special, patented processes, by which means there are secured to the Royal Baking Powder exclusively ingredients absolutely free from tartrate of lime or other adulterant or inert matter.

While there is no secret as to the ingredients used—the methods of their preparation, their relative proportions, and the manipulations which are indispensable to this end are unknown to other manufacturers.

The exactness with which the active principle of each ingredient prior to mixing is ascertained by expert chemists; the actual prohibition enforced against the receipt into the works of an impure ingredient; the care with which the materials are dried, coated, and prepared before their combination, and the precision in packing the powder so that it shall be delivered to the consumer in the perfect condition in which it leaves the factory, are some of the details which go to make the perfect "Royal."

Are not the same means employed by other manufacturers? They are not. There have been a great many imitations of the Royal, but no equals. Pure materials are not employed, care is not taken in their preparation and combination, while in the great majority of baking powders alum is added to give them strength, while cheapening their cost.

**No alum, phosphates, unwholesome or doubtful substances are used in the Royal, and it costs more to manufacture than any other brand.**

The great popularity and general use of the Royal Baking Powder attest its superiority.

**Success is generally deserved.**

Scores of brands of baking powders have been placed upon the market since Royal was introduced. Most of these have died; none have achieved a general success, while the Royal has increased in popularity until its sale is general in every city, town, and hamlet in the country. Nothing but the superior quality of the Royal Baking Powder could have effected this.

Corroborative of the foregoing are the official tests. These have been made without prejudice, by entirely unbiased officers, have been elaborate, exhaustive, and should be conclusive. Prof. Tucker, of Albany, whose thorough and scientific work in examining articles of food for the State of New York is well known, says it is "a baking powder unequalled for purity, strength, and wholesomeness;" while **the United States Government investigation, recently made under the authority of Congress, shows the Royal to be a cream-of-tartar baking powder superior to all others in purity, wholesomeness, and leavening strength.**

The day has come for a rigid discrimination in the purchase of baking powders by the housekeeper.

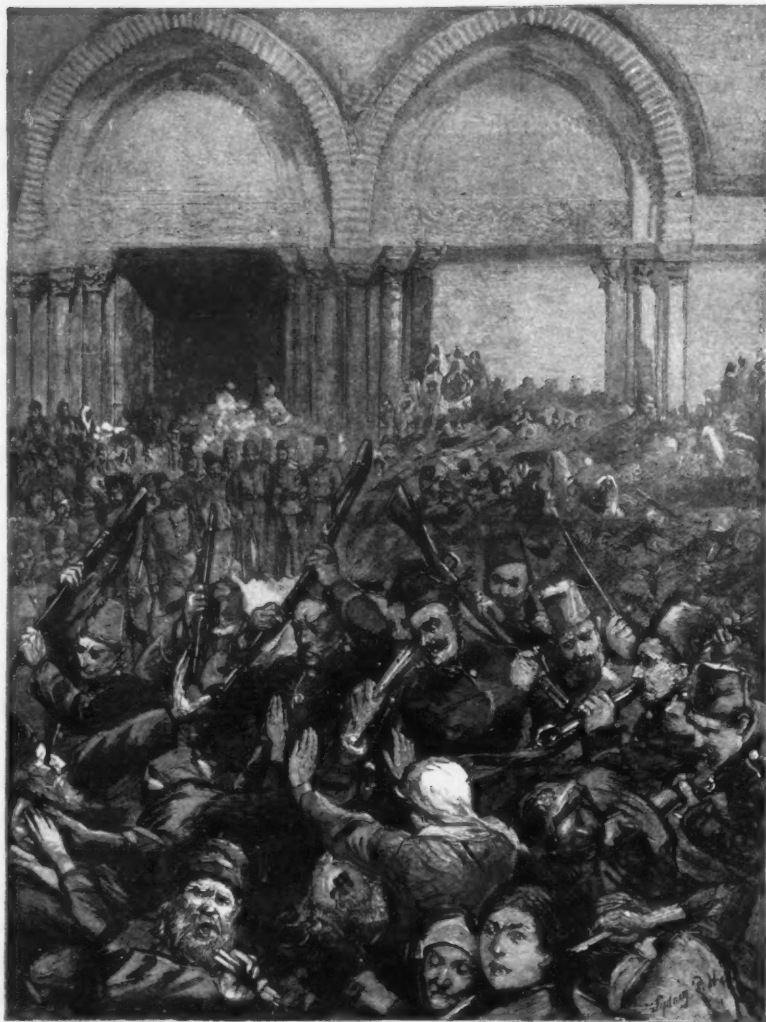
Health and economy demand the use of that brand ascertained absolutely pure and wholesome and of greatest strength.

**Those who have tested all thoroughly, use "Royal" only.** If you are not using it, the facts here given should induce you to give it a trial.

No other Article of Human Food has ever received such emphatic commendation for purity, strength, and wholesomeness, from the most eminent authorities, as the Royal Baking Powder.

No other article used in the domestic economy of the household has so many enthusiastic friends among the housekeepers of America.





TURKISH SOLDIERS DRIVING CHRISTIANS FROM THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.—London Graphic.



THE NEW DIPHTHERIA CURE—DRAWING BLOOD FROM AN INFECTED HORSE.



THE NEW DIPHTHERIA CURE—THE METHOD OF INJECTING THE POISON IN ORDER TO OBTAIN SERUM.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.—[See Page 43.]

## WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of  
**PURE, HIGH GRADE  
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES**  
On this Continent, have received  
**HIGHEST AWARDS**  
from the great  
**Industrial and Food  
EXPOSITIONS**  
In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alka-  
lies or other Chemicals or Dyes are  
used in any of their preparations.  
Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely  
pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

## W. L. DOUGLAS

**\$3 SHOE** IS THE BEST.  
FIT FOR A KING.

**\$5. CORDOVAN,**  
FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.  
**\$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.**  
**\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.**  
**\$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S.**  
EXTRA FINE.  
**\$2.175 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.**  
**LADIES.**  
**\$3.25 \$2.175.**  
**BEST DONGOLA.**  
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.  
**W. L. DOUGLAS.**  
BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the  
**W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes**

All our shoes are equally satisfactory.  
They give the best value for the money.  
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.  
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.  
The prices are uniform, stamped on sole.  
From \$1 to \$3 saved over other makes.  
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

## Mount Vernon Pure Rye Whiskey

Only in Square Bottles. brings the highest price in bulk of any whiskey in the market. To insure its perfect purity, it is bottled at the distillery, where each bottle is wired, sealed, registered, certified and numbered. You can buy other kinds for less money; you can buy none better at any price.

## BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS

—THE—  
**Finest Dressing  
and Best Tonic  
FOR THE HAIR.**

It stimulates and produces a vigorous growth; cleanses the scalp and prevents dandruff, and gives that appearance of softness, abundance and beauty so much desired.

All druggists or by mail 50 cents. 44 Stone St., N. Y.



## Arnold Constable & Co.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S  
**Furnishing Department.**

French and Domestic Lingerie, Silk Skirts,  
Silk Waists, Lace and Embroidered  
Trousseau.

THE CELEBRATED  
**PARAME CORSET.**

Children's Coats, Ulsters, Muffs and Furs.

Broadway & 19th St.  
NEW YORK.

## The World's Knowledge

512 CONKLIN'S Manual

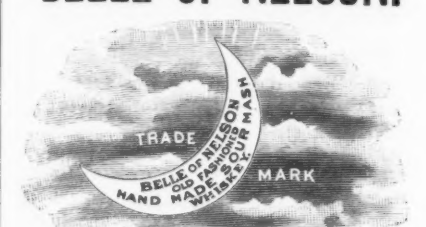
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The whiskey that made Kentucky famous. Used in United States government hospitals after a thorough chemical analysis, and pronounced to be the purest and finest whiskey in the world. Distilled and bottled by the Belle of Nelson Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky.

For sale in cases, containing twelve bottles, or by the barrel. Address ACKER, MERRILL & CONdit, New York, N. Y., or

Belle of Nelson Distillery Co., LOUISVILLE, KY.

**ZIM'S SKETCHES.**

Judge's Quarterly No. 12. December 15th.

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60 Pages and Handsome Cover.



You often hear of other extracts which claim to be "just as good" as  
**Liebig COMPANY'S  
Extract of Beef,**  
but these claims only call attention to the fact that the Company's Extract is  
**THE STANDARD**  
for quality.

**EARL & WILSON'S.**  
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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**RIFLES \$1.75.**  
**WATCHES**  
**GUNS**  
All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy send stamp for 60 page catalogue.  
**POWELL & CLEMENT CO.**  
166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

## FREE CURE. Kidney

URINARY DISEASES and RHEUMATISM.

We know that **ALKAVIN** is a Positive Cure for these diseases, and to prove to you its Wonderful Effects, and for the sake of introduction, we will send you enough for one week's use, by mail, prepaid, **FREE**, if you are a sufferer. It is an unfailing cure. A trial costs you nothing. Address, **The CHURCH KIDNEY CURE CO., 116 Fourth Avenue, New York.**

**ALKAVIN** is a Positive Cure for Kidney & Urinary Diseases, Rheumatism, etc. It is from the new Poly-nesian shrub, **KAVA-KAVA** (botanical name: *Piper Methasticum*) described in New York World, Feb. 8, 1893, and Medical Gazette, of Dec. 1892. Endorsed by the Hospitals and Physicians of Europe as a sure Specific Cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Brick-Dust deposits, Liver Disease, Female Complaints, pain in back, etc. Sold at Two Dollars a Bottle. Descriptive Book sent free.

## Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil.

Received the following awards at the **COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.**

"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."

"For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY

Leghorn, Italy. Established 1836.

**S. Rae**



## Words of Commendation.

We append a few of the commendations bestowed by appreciative contemporaries upon the Christmas number of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY**.

[Rochester Union and Advertiser.]

The Christmas issue is an exceedingly handsome number of that popular publication. It is full of choice reading-matter and artistic illustrations. The art work is admirable.

[Albany Evening Journal.]

The Christmas number of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** is an admirable number of that enterprising and entertaining publication. It is full of good stories, and the illustrations are admirable.

[The News Trade Circular.]

**LESLIE'S WEEKLY** Christmas issue is considered by many the handsomest holiday publication in the market.

## BUSINESS NOTICES.

**THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NEW YORK** weekly **Judge** notify the public that the use of **Judge** in local advertising schemes, by printing and inserting advertising pages between its leaves, is a direct violation of the publishers' rights under the copyright law; no one is authorized by the publishers to use **Judge** in this manner, and prompt measures will be taken to stop its being so used. **Judge Publishing Company**, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Brounchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, **W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, New York.**

**THE Actor** finds the thing that serves  
To quickest quiet pulsing nerves  
**Is Bromo-Seltzer.**

## MERIT IS ESSENTIAL.

CONSUMERS have a habit of determining by experiment whether an article of food is pure, wholesome, convenient, and economical. **Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream** possesses intrinsic merit. Will stand every test.

Secure a sound mind and sound digestion by using **Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.**

## A VALUABLE VOLUME.

We have received from **Lord & Thomas**, the well-known Chicago advertising agents, a copy of their **Pocket Newspaper Directory for 1895**. It is a handsome Morocco bound book that will fit in, but not fill, one's pocket or a pigeon-hole of his desk—full of terse and authentic information.

This book is as attractive in its advertising pages as it is accurate in its ratings—is an indisputable evidence that **Lord & Thomas** "know their business."

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

## Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, **MR. THOMAS BARNES, lock box 636 Marshall, Michigan.**

## SCHOOL CHILDREN

will eat sweetmeats, and you can't prevent it. The first you know of it there is a headache; the child is bilious and something must be done. Use **Ripans Tabules**, a remedy which is standard for such troubles.

The tone of the **Sohmer Piano** is particularly distinguished on account of its volume and purity, its richness and singing quality, and its sympathetic character throughout the entire scale.

## Coughing.

For all the ailments of Throat and Lungs there is no cure so quick and permanent as **Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil**. It is palatable, easy on the most delicate stomach and effective.

## Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, aids the digestion of other foods, cures Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and gives vital strength besides. It has no equal as nourishment for Babies and Children who do not thrive, and overcomes

Any Condition of Wasting.

Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free. **Scott & Bowne, N. Y.** All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

## Cuticura Skin Remedies Are Pure Sweet Gentle And Most Economical

because so speedily effective. Sold throughout the world, and especially by American chemists in all continental cities. British depot: **NEWBURY, London.** **POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CO.,** Sole Franchises, Boston, U. S. A.

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You can leave Grand Central Station, the very centre of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, in a magnificently equipped train,

Via the New York Central, The Great Four-track Trunk Line.

Trains depart from and arrive at Grand Central Station, New York,

Connecting the east and west, by the New York Central Lines.

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Eleven through trains each day, Practically a train every hour, via

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## BROMO SODA Will Cure Headache

Other Bromos may. Don't let your brain take chances.

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## CARDS FOR 1895. 50 Sample Styles

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